The Saturday Evening Post.

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DISCONTENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I said in the tender Spring time,
When the flowers had bloomed awhile,
"I am weary of this wild beauty,
And I long for the Summer's smile.
The glorious passionate Summer—
All glowing with fervent heat,
When the winds come up from the south-land,
And the days are long and sweet."

The Summer slept on the hill-tops—
The south-wind wailed and sighed,
The robins' song grew drowsy,
And the roses bloomed and died;
And then I thought of the Autumn,
And longed for the dreamy days
When the trees should don their purple,
And the hill-tops hide in haze.

The Autumn came in her grandeur—
The grass grew gold and brown—
And splendor lay in the forest,
And the leaves came drifting down.
And then I longed for the Winter—
The Winter, cold and pale,
And my restless heart grew weary,
And the Autumn's charms grew stale.

And now in the heart of Winter,
I sigh for the Spring again;
And think in wild impatience
Of the flowers on hill and plain.
And yet, ere the Spring has vanished,
My heart will tire I know,
And the jewel CONTENT—I seek for,
Will never be mine below.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"Then you will not come in town to-day, Dora?"

"No," Dora Tremaine made answer, with an odd, arch look. If she meant to pique her husband's curiosity thereby, she had her reward, though Ralph Tremaine was a slow-brained, methodical sort of man, not easily roused, not easily excited to emotions of any kind.

"Why, Dora?"

She laughed at this. A gleeful, provoking laugh, charming withal as a set of silver bells pealing note by note. And a gratified, piquant expression danced in her dark eyes, which a moment ago looked blue. Now you would have declared them black.

"As if I were in the habit of coming to confession with every thought! I told you long ago that I was not one of your devotedly silly women, whose chief mission in this life is the development of a morbid, Blue Beardish jealousy on the part of mankind! I may have twenty things to do to-day."

As you cannot see the grace with which this was uttered, its effect must be half lost. Dora Tremaine had so many pretty, changeful, coquettish ways, without being anything of a coquette. She would have taken just as much pains with her dress if she were coming down to lunch on a rainy day, to sit alone by herself at the table, as if there had been a guest. When she went to the kitchen she smiled just as sweetly at crabbed Mrs. Maybin, gave her instructions in as silvery a tone to the gardener as if he had been a prince of the realm, and used inferiors and all in that elegant, lady-like manner most people keep for holiday attire. There was a shade of higher elegance for her guests; but with all the ease and half familiarity, people from highest to lowest were not long in finding out that she was a woman you could not take liberties with. Some central point gave her a fine poise. In this revolution there was a pleasant geniality; in the next, if you were hardy enough to dare it, a sudden flash of fire.

Ralph Tremaine smiled first, then grew grave. He was a grave looking man generally, not young for thirty-five, but probably in the next decade would count no more years upon his face, unless some overwhelming trouble came to him.

She saw the gravity, but she went on sipping her rich coffee out of an egg shell of a cup that took on an amber tint from the liquid within, glancing furtively at him with an amused light coming and going in her eyes.

"You know you have a fatal tendency to jealousy, Ralph," she said.

"Yes."

His answer was so downright honest that she started. If he had thought a moment he would not have said just that, though it was following out his own train of reasoning.

She left her place at the head of the table, and coming round to him took a vacant chair

"THE WIFE WHO LOVES YOU."

and drew it up close, seating herself. Then, before she had loooked at him even, she took a tiny piece of toast that lay on the edge of his plate and bit off a dainty morsel, crunching it between her white teeth. At dinner she nearly always came round and shared his dessert.

"Ralph," she said, "are you really jealous—of me?"

"I am an old fool!" Then he ate the remaining crumb of toast with an evident relish, and though he smiled, there was a sad, wistful look in his gray eyes.

"Not as old as if you had come out of the ark, Ralph, dear; as for the rest—"

"No, I'm not jealous," he answered, reconsidering.

"Yes, you are. Not that you think I'll run away with that handsome St. Ormond, or flirt desperately with the young men you bring up here from time to time, even that fatherly Cleaveland that you want me to like. It isn't the people outside who affect you—it's simply whether I love you better than I love myself."

She had stated the matter so clearly and forcibly that he looked at her in amaze.

"You know I said in the beginning—" and he began to fumble his watch chain nervously.

"That you would be content with the simple liking until I learned to love you. Two years ago. You have been very good and patient, Ralph."

There was an unappeased hunger in his eyes, a longing that would have melted the heart of almost any woman; but there was a vein of waywardness about her. I believe she always hated to say and do just what people expected of her.

"And so I ought to give you my confidence preparatory to the one great step. Well, I can't run in town, because it is barely possible that the dressmaker may drop in, and I've promised to have my last summer's dresses brought out for her inspection; though I dare say the unprincipled thing will declare that not one of them is fit to make over. If, after that, you'll invite me down to share the contents of your pocket-book, I'll come with pleasure."

He laughed a little. She had this way of putting him off, which she acknowledged to herself was very provoking, and she thought sometimes if he were to scold her outright, give her a good shaking, or shut her up in a dark closet, it would be better for her in the end. Of course she would be dreadfully angry—run away, perhaps—but then she *would* come back, for there was no one in the world half so dear, and she *did* love him in her fashion. She had never compared notes with other girls or women, knew nothing about love except the kind she found in books, which seemed not at all like hers.

"It's my pocket-book, then, and not me?"

"Oh, Ralph! I've half a mind to tell Miss Ayers that I will not have a new dress this summer!"

"I don't mind at all if all your old ones are white," he said. "There's my train!"

The whistle in the distance seemed to mock them. She glanced up mirthfully.

"Well, you don't mind much. Besides, you were two hours late last night."

"Only *one*. You know I said that I shouldn't come until the five o'clock train hereafter, now that the days are so long."

"Do you not suppose they are equally long with me? But your coffee is cold and you must have some fresh."

She poured it out daintily; but when she would have sent for more toast, he declared that he did not want it. And presently he rose.

"I've a surprise for you," she said. "Come out in the garden."

He followed her slowly, watching the lithe grace of every movement. People always fancied her rather undersized, but she was quite tall. The round, slender figure, supple and changeful, gave her that appearance. She possessed a certain piquant beauty, though after no classic model. Her hair was a peculiar color, that of a newly ripe chestnut, too deep for gold, too dark for auburn; and it lay about her head in great waves, gathered at the back in a shining coil, from which always depended two or three stray curls of uneven length. Her complexion was neither light nor dark, a creamy tint, made brilliant by the varying color which changed with her many moods. To Ralph Tremaine she had always been beautiful—even when he compared her with another peerless woman.

"Here," she said, "the first roses of the season. I was going to wear them in my hair last night to surprise you, and then your ugly telegram came."

"But why didn't you wear them this morning?"

"Because;"—she broke them both off. "You may wear this in town to-day for my sake," and she proceeded to fasten it in his coat.

"Like a love-lorn youth—"

"Well, are you ashamed?" She turned quickly and in a strange heat. "Are you ashamed of loving your wife, and of the wife who loves you?"

She so rarely said anything like that, that for an instant he was silent from surprise. They were standing by a little summer-house covered with vines and quite screened from observation, so he passed his arm around her, repeating in a dreamy tone—

"The wife who loves me."

"Ralph!" She could not understand then why she should cling to him with that almost desperate passion. In the two years of her married life she had been thorny and tender by turns, but this revelation was as new to herself as to her husband.

"You *do* love me." The words came up with a sort of strangling fervor, as if he feared to lose the brief, sweet consciousness, and yet could hardly believe.

"Oh, Ralph," she exclaimed with a shiver; "I've seen a horrible vision! If anything should part us!"

He looked around as if some fell danger menaced them, and then back at her.

"How foolish!" she said with a gay laugh. "I don't know what possessed me. But if anything happened—if I should die—you would regret me, long and earnestly, would you not, Ralph? The hardest of all seems passing out of the mind of one you love."

Another sweet confession. What has sent her into this strange, tender mood?

"My darling," he said gravely, "I think you must know how dear you are to me. No one could ever fill the place now. There are moments when I reach a higher happiness than any I dreamed of in the old days, hours when I would not take a crown and kingdom for the joys of my simple life. As if I could forget you! No, you don't know me at all."

"I don't believe that I deserve much remembrance after all, Ralph," she exclaimed with a touch of remorseful tenderness. "Instead of making myself so dear to you during these two years that there wouldn't be room in your heart for another thought, I've been a careless wretch—"

"What is the matter with you this morning?" There was a peculiarly happy smile in his eyes that told her, whatever was amiss with her, she did not lose in his estimation.

"I don't know—unless I'm in love," with an arch, winsome smile. "I wish we could take the past back and be married to-day for the first time. Ralph, I think I should do better."

"My precious wife, it is all well enough."

She was crying now on his shoulder, a tumultuous, passionate burst of tears such as a grown person rarely gives.

"How good you are, Ralph; and I'm acting like a great baby! I do mean to be better. I mean to love you just *as you* like, not in my own willful, capricious fashion. I'm enough to provoke the patience of a saint, but Ralph, it seems to me now that I must have loved you, or I couldn't have married you."

"My darling, did I ever question it?"

"No. You have been too good to me all along. I am spoiled with tenderness and care."

Another shrill whistle startled them in their fragrant retreat. Both smiled.

"Now I must go in fifteen minutes. Let me fasten this rose in your hair. I'll try to be home in the early train to-night."

"I have half a mind not to let you go. What would be the consequence?"

"One poor fellow would be sadly disappointed. I promised to help him out of some trouble to-day. And there are several notes to meet. Dora, suppose we should go away on a little tour?" he asked with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, delightful!" She caught at it eagerly.

"I could be spared better now than later in the season. Yes, we will have a nice time to ourselves. We'll plan it to-night. And now, my love—"

"Oh, I wish you weren't going;" and the look that came in her eyes amused him.

It would be very foolish for a man of thirty-five to stay at home and make love to his wife all day, Ralph Tremaine decided, yet somehow the folly looked rather tempting. And if she had guessed at the fate lying darkly hid in the shadow of the next few hours would she have kept him?

He took her in his arms and kissed her many times, then they walked down the winding path to the gate.

"I shall watch my rose all day," he said glancing at it, "and when it begins to wither—"

"Take it as an emblem of me." That was the old aggravating Dora. "I shall grow old and withered and faded some day," she appended more softly.

It didn't seem so then. A woman with her youth and radiance ought to remain bright forever.

They said good-by sadly at last. She watched him going down the shady avenue that June morning, and somehow could not keep the tears from her eyes. For now the thought—what if any accident should happen to him!

Nervous, susceptible temperaments not infrequently experience these strange impressions. Once in a hundred times something may come of it, but oftener the presentiment dies away without any special result. And rambling slowly back to the house a confused feeling took possession of Dora Tremaine. Would Ralph think her foolish and whimsical? But she *did* love him.

The breakfast dishes had been cleared away. Mrs. Maybin was standing there, erect and prim, waiting for orders.

"What an odd thing that people must eat continually," she said to herself with a feeling of indicrousness.

"About the dinner, Mrs. Maybin? Well, I haven't much choice. Anything you like. And as for dessert, make some cream. Mr. Tremaine said he would bring up strawberries—he saw them yesterday.

Then she marched off regally indifferent. Now this was one of the things Mrs. Maybin did *not* like in her mistress. She thought her very careless of her husband's comfort. She rarely held any consultation about meals. Probably if she had been very officious, Mrs. Maybin would have been equally provoked.

"Shall I order lamb?"

"Oh, I don't care," with some petulance. She hated to have the flavor taken out of her husband's kisses by these tiresome details.

She was half across the hall by this time, but glanced back with a gay nod as if to make amends.

"Mr. Tremaine is easily satisfied, and so am I," was her parting response.

Then she ran up to her room, and threw herself in a great chair cushioned with rose-colored damask, and plunged at once into a reverie.

But through it all came a thought of the past like a gray strand in a golden braid. Why, of all times, should she remember it on this morning? And she wondered if she should ever love Ralph Tremaine so well that she should find courage to tell him her secret. What difference did it make? He was happier without the knowledge, Uncle Gilbert had said—was it so? If it proved a burthen to him—and he *had* confessed to being a trifle jealous.

She had once known Mr. Tremaine to be very angry with a man who had deceived him. That was in the early days of her married life, and she was thankful then that she had persisted in Uncle Gilbert's telling the truth. A few days afterwards she found it had *not* been told, and that between herself and her husband lay a secret—of not much importance, perhaps—but when it came to a point of honor, he had a right to know it.

Sometimes for weeks she had forgotten all about it. She was not one of your morbid, brooding women. She possessed a perfect and sanguine physical temperament, and a keen love of enjoyment—a spice of provoking wilfulness also; and the twenty-two months of her married life had gone by as a series of bright, panoramic pictures. Ralph Tremaine loved her very dearly, though she had been rather persuaded into the marriage. And she had come to love him in a manner that almost terrified herself. Perhaps because she saw such a possibility she was the more fearful of some untoward disappointment.

Mrs. Maybin came up stairs with her slow, stately step, her dark cambric gown rustling as if it had been silk.

"Mrs. Tremaine, there's a person at the door with a note for you," she announced.

"Why didn't you bring it up?"

"He will not deliver it into any one's hands but yours. Those were his instructions, he says."

"Oh!"

Then Mrs. Tremaine ran down, while pompous Mrs. Maybin was nursing a sense of affront.

A young man of eighteen or twenty handed her the missive in question. He was a stranger, and the hand-writing on the envelope quite unknown to her. Its contents were simply these:—

"If Mrs. Tremaine will come immediately to No. — Wall street, she will hear something of the utmost importance."

There was also a card inclosed, containing the name of "Leonard Colby," and the number of the room.

"Who sent you?" she asked, abruptly.

"Mr. Colby. I was to deliver the note to Mrs. Tremaine."

He had evidently received no further instructions, for he turned away.

"Is there to be no answer?"

He stared blankly at the Virginia creeper against the column of the portico.

"He didn't say."

"Very well."

She went to her room, thinking it over. What could the mysterious summons be? "Of the utmost importance." She did not remember of ever hearing Mr. Colby's name before—and the whole thing savored of mystery.

Then she turned suddenly and deathly white. What if it was something connected with that old, old story? The man she feared and hated now was dead, surely. For seven years she had not heard a whisper concerning him, save the tale of the shipwreck. And yet she knew that people did return after years and years of absence. There was a horrible constriction in her throat, her parched tongue refused to make the faintest motion, although she wanted to cry out with terror. She clasped her hands over her throbbing eyes for many moments. When, at length, she roused herself, she seemed weak as if after a month's illness.

"I'll go to Ralph at once," she thought, "I will not have any secret from him. He shall hear and judge—and if he loves me still—"

Acting upon this impulse, she began to change her dress immediately. A dainty gray walking suit, and straw hat to match, with a cluster of green leaves and scarlet berries. As she put on her gloves she remarked how icy cold her hands were.

She walked slowly enough now. In the hall she paused, and called to Mrs. Maybin.

"I'm going into town a little while."

She had quite forgotten about her dressmaker, and left no orders.

CHAPTER II.

AT HOME, ALONE.

The day had been a busy one to Ralph Tremaine, and yet he had hardly thought of the comers and goers. His rose had stood in a little vase on his desk all day, and the words—"The wife who loves you," had floated through his brain like a chord of

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suggestive music. At the earliest possible moment he turned the business over to the book-keeper, put on his hat and coat, and reached out for his rose. He felt a little warmth steal into his cheeks as he bungled over the pinning. Indeed he had an idea that Lindsay was watching him with an amused smile.

Then he went for the strawberries. They would have them in the garden at home in a week's time, but Dora was extravagantly fond of them, and they looked so luscious, so tempting! There was a little girl selling violets. Theirs were out of bloom, and violets were another penchant of Dora's, so he must have a bunch.

With it all he was ready for the train at four. He would surprise her to-day by an early return. What had she been doing? Bothering over old dresses—what a fuss women always made when there was nothing half so pretty as white, and flounces and furbelows and laces were not of much account. But then he supposed there was no appeal from a dress-maker's fiat.

To-morrow he would go shopping with Dora. It never was any bore, for she didn't dawdle over goods, and have everything pulled about to gratify her curiosity. Then he would buy her something pretty by way of surprise—she had spoken of a coral set—perhaps it might be that.

He was relieved at the sight of familiar Woodlea, for the strawberries had stained the paper through. It was but a short walk to the house. The air was so delightfully fragrant, the lawn so smooth and velvety, with clumps of blossoming shrubbery here and there, wigelia, lilacs, snowball, rhododendron, and beds of snowy spiræa. Dora's window overlooked the avenue, and not infrequently when she heard the sharp click of the gate latch, she glanced out. She did not now. He hoped Miss Ayers wasn't still pottering about.

Somehow the house seemed very, very still. He had thought more than once of the homes where groups of children frolicked about, and he had a longing for their arch, merry faces and gay voices. Nearly all the houses in the row held out such tantalizing pictures. And if a small, silvery treble was to say "papa" on this porch—

"There are some berries, Mrs. Maybin," he said, going straight through to the kitchen. "Have you a napkin handy with which I can wipe my hands?"

She glanced through the door into the spacious hall, and then at her master rather questioningly.

"The dinner will not be ready until six—as you gave orders a few days ago. If I had known—"

"Never mind, Mrs. Maybin, it is all right. I do not care for dinner any earlier in the summer."

Then he was off again with his violets. She gave an injured sniff. He had never been the same man since his marriage. Before that everything went on like clock work. If he was put out five minutes he showed it, though never unpleasantly. That was what she liked to see—some authority from the head of the house. Now the madame twisted him round her finger, and everything went at sixes and sevens. If it wasn't that Mr. Tremaine would actually be neglected, she should feel tempted to throw up her commission. And strawberries bought when loads of their own was ripening in the garden!

Ralph Tremaine went up the steps two at a time, and entered his wife's sitting-room, smiling at the expectation of finding her asleep on the lounge. There was no Dora, no dresses strewn about, the willow work-stand by the window covered, and the low sewing-chair standing in the corner. The blinds all closed, the room filled with a shady green gloom, and strangely silent.

"The wife who loves you." Dora's bright, warm lips had uttered the words this morning. He wanted to hear her say them over dozens of times. Where could she be hiding? Oh, Mrs. Maybin, could you imagine such an undignified thought finding a resting place in your master's brain?

"Dora?" he called softly.

No answer. Then he glanced into the sleeping room. Her morning-dress had been carelessly thrown across the bed, and her tiny, rosetted slippers stood there, looking as if she had just stepped out of them.

He went slowly down-stairs again. Mrs. Maybin was sorting the strawberries and taking off a few stray hulls.

"Has Mrs. Tremaine gone out?" he asked.

"Didn't she come home with you?" and the worthy housekeeper's face was full of astonishment.

"Why, she hasn't been to the city?"

"She said she was going. And it was but ten minutes of twelve, just time for the train."

"Had the dressmaker been here?"

"No. Mrs. Tremaine didn't leave any word. I do not think she expected her.

"And no message for—"

"Haven't you seen her—all day? She never said a word but that she was going in town for a little while. A young man came with a note, which he would not give to any one else—he said those were his instructions. So I called her down-stairs; and about half an hour afterwards she went away."

Mrs. Maybin delivered this speech in a straightforward, sententious tone, as if she were a witness on the stand. She had never loved her mistress cordially, but she was not a woman to swerve from the truth, or start any ill-natured suspicion, though she admitted to herself instantly that it did look strange.

"A young man," you said. "What kind of a fellow. How did he look?"

"Like a clerk." Mrs. Maybin prided herself a good deal on her power of distinguishing between clerks and gentlemen.

"And no word of any kind? Not even a message for the dress-maker?"

"No, sir."

It was strange, mysterious, and vexing to Mr. Tremaine. He was one of those open, honorable men, who, if he were going out of the store, generally left word of where he could be found, and how long he expected to be absent. He was not a saint by any means, in fact, rather old bachelorish and set in his ways, and hated to be put out. He never could see any reason why a person could not come straight to the point at once and say just what he or she meant. And now it must be confessed that his first feeling was one of annoyance that Dora had not left some word, or dropped in upon him and given a little explanation of her sudden resolve.

He went slowly back to her room, wondering what it could all mean. Not even a line left anywhere for him! The scene of the morning rushed over him with peculiar distinctness. She had refused to come down to the city on account of the dressmaker, who it seems she had not expected very strongly, or she would have left some message with Mrs. Maybin. Then she had received a mysterious note and obeyed its summons, and was not home yet.

He walked up and down uneasily, then a new thought occurred to him. He would go down to the station and watch for her. But he had the grace to say to Mrs. Maybin, "I am going to meet Mrs. Tremaine."

One train came in shortly. He gave everybody a sharp glance—familiar faces many of them were—but the one he longed to see most of all was not there. Then he wandered about impatiently, the longest half hour it seemed to him that he had ever known in his life. The shrill whistle was a welcome sound to him.

Disappointed again. This time a chill foreboding struck hard against his heart. There was a momentary delay, and the conductor sprang down beside him and gave him a little nod as he said—"Tremaine," which was all the greeting he could bestow.

Like a flash, Mr. Tremaine remembered that Barton was conductor on the down train at noon. He took a stride or two after him and grasped his arm.

"Barton," he exclaimed, in a rather husky tone, "Mrs. Tremaine went down at twelve, did you see her?"

"Yes." She had purchased her ticket in the car, and that was fresh in Barton's mind.

"There wasn't any accident? We have missed each other some way;" and Tremaine gave a sickly smile, coming nearer to a falsehood than was his usual custom.

"No." And then Barton stopped suddenly. The strangest event came before his mind just like a picture. Probably he might never have thought of it again but for this. As he was running off of the platform in the city he had passed a hack, and by it stood a dark, handsome fellow, with a kind of fierce, brigand look, and a slight woman. He could see her figure and her dress so exactly in his memory that he knew it was Mrs. Tremaine, although her face was turned away at the time.

It was but a moment, then the warning whistle sounded.

"Tremaine," he said hurriedly, "if you don't hear any news, meet me here at ten—my train goes down then, you know."

He was sorry the instant the words were uttered. Tremaine's face took on such a wan, frightened look, and his body swayed uncertainly as if some one had struck him a blow.

"Something's wrong!" he said to himself as he whizzed past.

As for Ralph Tremaine he was stunned. Barton's tone gave him a dim, agonizing assurance. No accident, no cause for delay, and yet, here it was six o'clock. Should he go up to the house or down to the city? His usually clear head was in a whirl. Yet there might be a faint hope.

He tramped up and down in the summer twilight, actually unable to come to any decision. To rush to the city and make inquiries at the depot seemed absolutely coarse and indelicate. If she had gone away of her own accord, it was only meant for the briefest temporary absence. Though he might have felt a little vexed awhile ago, he would as soon cut off his right hand as suspect her of evil. And if there had been any force or fraud used—but that was folly! An orphan, without a relative in the world, standing in no one's way, no, that view of the case was utterly improbable. She might have gone somewhere and been detained, that appeared the most reasonable solution.

The purple dusk was falling softly as he returned up the avenue. Then he remembered Mrs. Maybin and the dinner.

He almost expected Dora to rise out of some corner with her gay, perplexing laugh. Instead a solemn stillness, an awful something brooding everywhere, hardly less terrible than death itself.

"The dinner has been ready these two hours!" announced Mrs. Maybin, tartly. She looked sharply behind her master, as if there might be a form lingering in the darkness. "Mrs. Tremaine?"

"Something has happened to her. We can't tell until—to-morrow, perhaps."

This explanation suggested itself the most naturally, and as I said before, he was no man for mysteries.

Mrs. Maybin looked astonished. She might have been roused out of her impassable groove and asked a question or two, but that grave, stony face chilled her.

"No matter about the dinner. I am going down to New York at ten and shall not be back."

Mr. Tremaine went up to his wife's room again, lighted a lamp and took a thorough search for some clue to guide him. Altogether in vain. Just then the faded rosebud in his coat caught his eye. How happily the day had begun! She had said the rose was an emblem of herself. He recalled the look and tone, and somehow wished that she had never uttered those words. And yet only a moment before she had said—"The wife who loves you." That remembrance brought him to a tender mood, and he laid the flower carefully aside.

The hours passed wearily enough. It seemed as if the sixty minutes never would drag out their slow length. Before the time appointed he was at the station again. The summer night had gloomed over cloudily, and there was scarcely a star visible. He was glad to hear the train come thundering along, but Barton did not step out. For the last four hours he had been wishing desperately that he had not made the promise to Mr. Tremaine, and would have avoided it gladly.

He saw the tall figure coming through the car. Tremaine looked haggard and worn, and a gleam of hungering suspense had settled about his brow.

"What, no news?" said Barton, in a cheery tone, as if the matter was of very little importance.

"No. And I came to hear what you had to say," with a wandering, tremulous sound in his voice.

"Not much. I thought I saw Mrs. Tremaine, but I may have been mistaken."

"When?" The eager eyes asked the question as well.

"Oh, this morning. Sit down. I'll be back presently."

They were under full headway when Barton returned. Mr. Tremaine was sitting near the end of the car quite alone. The conductor had been taking counsel with himself. First and last, for he was forty, and had spent all his life on the road, he had known of a good many strange affairs, with just about the clue of this one. There were wives who had come back to their husbands, but generally the game hadn't been worth the candle. He had known Tremaine half a dozen years in this sort of travelling way. A grave, steady-going, upright business fellow, making a fortune. He had seen the bride on her wedding tour, and really admired her self-possession and unconsciousness. Tremaine had always appeared very fond of her, but he wouldn't care to stake his soul upon Mrs. Tremaine. She might be very good of course, it was only fair to believe all women so until they were proved otherwise. And yet to hide this from Mr. Tremaine would only be maudlin sympathy. He must know it sooner or later; that is, if anything was wrong. So the truth would be best.

"Wasn't your wife going to some friends?" he asked. "Did she not leave any word?"

"No. An accident of some kind has surely occurred. Did you see her after she left the car?"

"I think I did," said Barton, candidly. "Some moments after, I had an errand round to the side office, and just outside the rail stood a hack. A man was holding open the door, and a woman was about entering. I didn't look her square in the face; but by the dress and figure I had an impression that it was Mrs. Tremaine. I may be mistaken, you know," with great apparent fairness, as if he was quite ready to be convinced.

"And the man—the driver, you mean?"

"No. The driver was on his box. I have a fancy that I could identify him, though I didn't look particularly sharp. The man was—a stranger, I think, rather foreign; a strong, deep, handsome fellow, ready for any villainy, I should say. Before I was out of hearing the hack rolled away."

Ralph Tremaine's pale face turned a swarthy crimson. He knew what a story like this meant.

"Barton," he said, clutching at a forlorn hope, "you must be mistaken."

"I'm quite willing to admit that. The matter may be explained to-morrow."

But Mr. Tremaine felt that if he gave up this, he would have no clue whatever.

"Barton—what would you advise?"

The words came brokenly.

"If you want the matter settled, sharp, I should say place it in the hands of a detective this very night. You can tell this story or not."

Tremaine looked the other fairly in the face for a moment.

"Barton," he began, in a curiously steady voice, "whatever happens, admitting this woman to be Mrs. Tremaine, I, her husband, declare her to be above the slightest suspicion. Whatever step she may have taken can be explained satisfactory to me, the only man to whom she is accountable. You will remember?"

There was something very grand and manly in this simple defence. Barton felt awed by both face and voice.

They were coming in the city, and the two men parted with a friendly bow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

There's a duty tormenting my life,
Which some people expect me to do,
And it is to discover a wife,
And to wed ere I'm quite thirty-two.
I've been reading Lord Lytton of late,
And fancy that marry I should,
If I only could win for a mate
The Beautiful, True, and the Good!

But the Beautiful, Good, and the True,
(Each with capital letter, you know!)
All prefer—'tis a pity they do—
Isolated existence below!
And I never, as yet, could obtain,
Or found any person who could,
Good or True not decidedly plain,
Or the Beautiful, Truthful, and Good!

'Tis a very unfortunate case,
That my love I'm so bother'd to find,
I have been led away by the face,
By the manner, and even the mind!
But the manner was only outside—
Like beauty I soon understood—
And I never could fancy a bride,
As "blue" as she seemed to be Good!

I'm beginning all Beauty to doubt,
It may owe all to Rachel and dress!
When at home ladies say they are out,
So the True they can never possess!
And my search must be therefore confined
To diffident, shy maidenhood;
Where true love and the beauty of mind
Are fitly enshrined in the Good.

I don't covet neglect in my house
By a Beautiful, frivolous wife,
Who thinks dressing herself, and not grouse,
Is the principal object of life!
But I should not so strongly object
To Beauty, if only it would
Be the True in this needful respect,
At least let its dinners be good!

Some fair soul of whose presence I dream,
I am sure in the world there must be,
Whose opinions will not be extreme,
And who's not above making my tea.
Such a light for my life I will woo,
If I find her, and she will be woo'd;
And shall pray let her give me the True
And the Beautiful both in the Good!

☞ Weigh every step you are about to take whenever the passions become involved. How often do things assume a different aspect when they are fairly considered.

☞ An Austrian author asserts that Napoleon I. had twenty-one illegitimate children, of whom five are still alive. The Emperor Napoleon III. supported half of them, while he refused to do anything for the others.

☞ Bible promises are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as at the rich man's palace.

☞ Rehearse not unto another that which is told to thee, and thou shalt fare never the worse.

☞ A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to spices.

☞ It is as great mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

☞ An Australian horse recently ran ten miles in 23 minutes and 35 seconds, said to be the fastest time on record for that distance.

☞ Fifteen thousand Spanish ladies have addressed Gen. Prim, begging him on no account to permit religious toleration in Spain.

☞ A state fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; a soldier's fair is the best-looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fair in the universe is boarding-house fare.

☞ Smith—Raw day, eh?

Brown—Very *raw*. Glad when it's *done*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'RY 20, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers so long as we have them.

E. W. We do not think we received those two poems.

Two Admirable Novelets.

We begin in the present number two new and admirable novelets by those talented authors, Mrs. Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c., and Miss Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Sydnie Adriance," &c.

We need say little in praise of these novelets, for they will speak for themselves.

We trust our readers will call the attention of their friends to the splendid series of novelets, stories and sketches we are now publishing.

New subscriptions can commence either with the first of the year (so long as our back numbers hold out), or with the present number.

"E. O. A." is informed that the writer of the song beginning,

"I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled,"

was Thomas Moore, author of "Lallah Rookh," "Irish Melodies," &c. The song was written (if we remember aright) during Moore's visit to this country, at his little cottage on the banks of the Schuylkill near this city.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE POST.

Mr. U. H. H., of Lynchburg, Virginia, writes:—"I am much pleased with THE POST, and think it better worth the price of subscription than any paper now published."

By the same mail, Mrs. D. P. S., of Mendon, Mass., writes:—"THE POST is the best literary paper in the country."

And we have continually letters to the same effect from all quarters of the Union, North, South, East, and West; for THE POST is adapted to all, and seeks to please and instruct all.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us his address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

DRESS AND MANNERS.

We think that it may fairly be classed among the "inalienable rights," not to say the duties of American women, to regulate their own attire, and, in a very great degree, the manners and customs of society. All will admit that these matters come properly within their peculiar sphere and province.

We may be allowed, in all courtesy, to ask then—Why should American women follow as servilely as they do the whims and follies of Paris? Why should they not discriminate between the tasteful and the modest, and the ugly and the immodest? Why should not the leaders of American Society array themselves in modest, tasteful and reasonably expensive attire—setting thus an example to their less wealthy countrywomen of good sense, good taste and economy?

If women must hold Conventions, why do they not hold semi-annual Conventions for determining the American Fashions for the ensuing season?

Again. Why do they not regulate the customs of society? Now such social customs seem to on without regulation.—Take one fact, for example. Dancing, of itself, under proper conditions, seems not only unobjectionable, but to be commended as a social custom. It is better than idle chit-chat, far better than scandal, and infinitely better than those rude and romping games, with kisses for forfeits, which generally take its place in circles where dancing is prohibited.

Up to a recent period the plain Quadrilles, with intervals of waltzing, were the dances generally favored in society. In the waltz, a lady could dance with a brother or cousin, or omit dancing altogether if she pleased.

But now, instead of the plain dances, and even such beautiful dances as the Lancers, we have the German, and the Polka and Mazourka Quadrilles, in which every lady must in turn dance a round dance with every gentleman in the set, no matter though he be an utter stranger, and personally repulsive to her.

Therefore if a lady is not willing now-a-days to waltz with every gentleman in the room, she may as well give up going to balls and parties. For the alternative, it seems, is to play wall-flower.

Now, what are these round dances? Let us see what a lady—one of our leading authoresses—writing in a recent number of "Putnam's Magazine," says of them:—

The most salient and apparent change in women, in the last few years (I do not say the deepest,) is not advance in intelligence, marked as that may be; it is the growth in impurity. It is simply a transient effect of this roused and ungratified brain-power. The ordinary London or New York woman is too far advanced in the "progress of the age" to find employment for her awakened imagination or reason in housekeeping or in gossip; too little to turn to art or science or even downright hard business. In self-defence, then, she listens to lascivious music, or looks at the living pictures of the ballet, where her passions at least are daintily played upon.

* * * * It is no wonder then, that, night after night, Nelly herself may be seen, with back and bosom half-bared, whirling and perspiring in Dick French's arms, while her mother looks placidly on. If I hint my disgust, I am told severely, that to the pure all things are pure, and that the obscene play and the waltz that sets Dick French's blood on fire, if looked on æsthetically, are, to women, refined and innocent pleasures.

I doubt if any man believes this. If, for lack of pure occupation for their brains and senses, women of society bring this offal to pollute their daily lives, they need not suppose that any affected ignorance or æsthetic sunlight will hide the real nature of the substance from the men about them.

Dick French and his composers adjust their eye-glasses, and lean against doorways, criticising the paces of the delicate young girls who are whirled past, as a trader might the slaves in the market.

French goes too far. My little Nelly is not in the market; she has her secret innocent dream of true love and marriage some day, hid away in her heart. There is not one of French's crew whom she would marry. When she unclothes herself immodestly and surrenders her person to their touch, she has no ulterior purpose beyond the intoxicating pleasure of the moment. Custom has made her eyes familiar with indecency—worn away the defensive instinct of purity with which every woman is born; but that is the worst that can be said of her. Yet, if her own blood be such ice, that the exposure of her person has no power to bring a blush to her cheek, does it matter nothing to her that pleased, unclean eyes rest on her, that half of the men who look on her mistake her motives, and pity the degradation she undergoes in her effort to please them?

I use coarse language. The times are coarse. The state of society which can make a Swinburne possible, can bear a few plain words without detriment to its modesty. It is true that the evil is as yet confined to our large cities. God forbid that the fashionable fast girl of New York or Chicago should be received as the typical woman of America. She bears the same proportion to the woman of the States that the feverish outbreak on the face does to the whole healthy, sweet-blooded body. But this society assumes to stand foremost in refinement and culture, and cannot object to have its claims tested. Besides, the feverish taint will spread.

Men, I think, have some claim to be heard in this matter. The most debased among them will hold one thing sacred—the honor of his wife. He has a right to demand that it come to him untainted. Dull and plain fellow as is John, he has a right to claim from the woman whom he marries, and from the mother who rears her, *that she shall not have been put in the market to parade her shape like an animal; that she shall not have had her person handled by every rous who frequents the ball-room; that he shall not receive her hackneyed and brazen from flirtations: and that her mind shall be clean as her body.*

This is a return to old-fashioned prudery. Yes. If the æsthetic culture of to-day demands the exploration of such foul fields by our young girls * * * let us, in the name of the good, pure God, go humbly back to the stagnation of our grandmothers!

Now, it seems to us that if one-half of what is here said about the round dances by a cultivated and talented lady be true, our leading ladies—mothers and daughters—should unite in limiting their practice in society. But as we have said, the edict of Fashion has now gone forth, to have almost nothing but round dances. And who is responsible for this? Nobody. Who dictates laws to American society? Nobody—at least nobody in America. Like the regulation of female dress, this is a matter which men are perfectly willing that ladies should manage and control, they being supposed to have finer and purer and more delicate instincts as to what is proper and right and beautiful. Why do not those who want "a mission," turn their attention to these highly important subjects, which everybody will admit belong especially to the sphere of the ladies of the land? We are promised wonderful things in politics from female influence—in the face of the fact that there are no politicians and lobbyists at Washington so

utterly unscrupulous as the female ones—and yet the social sphere, and matters of dress, are left as it seems entirely to the leadership of the men-milliners and the demi-monde of Paris.

The most pressing reform, as it seems to us, therefore, at the present time, so far as American women are concerned, is the regulation of their dress and social customs, which are now tending so deplorably to extravagance and excess—and which evils are rapidly becoming, if they have not already become (especially in our cities,) barriers to matrimony which very many intelligent and excellent young men find themselves unable to surmount.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

We are pleased to hear good accounts from almost all portions of the Southern states. The cotton crop was a very fair one, and the proceeds are giving the planters a good lift out of the "slough of despond" in which the war had plunged them. As when one member of the body suffers, all suffer, so the prosperity of one tends to the prosperity of all. A recent account from Houston, Texas, for instance, says:—

"The cotton crop of this year will be 240,000 bales—worth $18,000,000 in gold. This year there were shipped from the state 100,000 head of fine beeves, and 200,000 hides. There are about thirty beef-packeries in the state, and they will put up for export at least 200,000 head of cattle in the state; large quantities of wool are exported, and the increase is very large. Corn, potatoes, and all produce very cheap, and very plentiful. On plantations, corn is worth thirty cents, specie. Specie is the medium all over the state, except at Galveston, cotton sells for gold only."

Glad to hear it. Give the South a few good cotton crops, and the North and West a few good wheat and corn crops, and we shall get financial matters into a pretty good trim, despite the heavy load of the national debt.

OBVIOUS PUNS.

The *London Punch* says:—

"Name any celebrated English humorist you please to an American, and he will tell you, by way of reply, that in his country they have a Whittier."

Very good, Punch. So good that almost everybody who becomes acquainted with Mr. Whittier perpetrates it. The poet himself probably "grins horrible a ghastly smile" whenever he hears it.

We once knew a gentleman by the name of Gun. And we will venture to say that of every ten persons who were introduced to him, nine would sooner or later make a pun about his "going off"—each person of course supposing the pun to be original with himself.

Our moral is, never make an obvious pun. Know for certain that it must be stale, and of course offensive. A good pun—fresh, original and peculiar—is a very different thing. Such for instance was that of the gentleman who upon being told that punning was the very lowest species of wit, replied, "yes, the foundation of it."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. By JAMES GRANT WILSON. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada. This volume is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and contains a steel engraving from Inman's portrait, together with views of the poet's residence and monument at Guilford.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; or, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIDAUMONT. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY.) With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a very handsome edition of Halpine's works. It also contains a fine portrait, on steel, of the author.

CAST UP BY THE SEA. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, M. A., F. R. G. S., author of the "Albert N'Yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," etc., etc. Complete. With ten Illustrations by Huard. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. A first-rate story of adventure, dedicated, as the author says, "to all boys, from eight years old to eighty." The volume is beautifully illustrated.

BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; OR, LIFE ACCORDING TO THE DOCTRINE "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT." By A. B. CHILD, M. D., author of "Christ and the People," etc. Published by Adams & Co., 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

A HALF CENTURY WITH JUVENILE DELINQUENTS; OR, THE NEW YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE AND ITS TIMES. By B. K. PEIRCE, D. D., Chaplain of the New York House of Refuge. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED. Translated by J. H. WIFFEN. With a Life of the Author. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

THE POACHER. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

A Case of Self-Assertion.

Captain Burton has written a book on Brazil, and his wife has superintended its publication in London. The lady writes the preface to the work, and for once a preface is likely to be read. Mrs. Burton's superb self-assertion is so perfect that we reprint her paragraphs entire:

"Before the reader dives into the interior of Brazil with my husband as a medium, let me address two words to him.

"I have returned home, on six months' leave of absence, after three years in Brazil. One of the many commissions I am to execute for Captain Burton is to see the following pages through the press.

"It has been my privilege, during those three years, to have been his almost constant companion; and I consider that to travel, write, read, and study under such a master, is no small boon to any one desirous of seeing and learning.

"Although he frequently informs me, in a certain Oriental way, that 'the Moslem can permit no equality with women,' yet he has chosen me, his pupil, for this distinction, in preference to a more competent stranger.

"As long as there is anything difficult to do, a risk to be incurred, or any chance of improving the mind and of educating one's self, I am a very faithful disciple; but I now begin to feel that while he and his readers are old friends, I am humbly standing unknown in the shadow of his glory. It is therefore time for me respectfully but firmly to assert that, although I proudly accept of the trust confided to me, and pledge myself not to avail myself of my discretionary powers to alter one word of the original text, I protest vehemently against his religious and moral sentiments, which belie a good and chivalrous life. I point the finger of indignation particularly at what misrepresents our holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that unnatural and repulsive law, Polygamy, which the author is careful not to practice himself, but from a high moral pedestal he preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries.

"I am compelled to differ with him on many other subjects; but, be it understood, not in the common spirit of domestic jar, but with a mutual agreement to differ and enjoy our differences, whence points of interest never flag.

"Having now justified myself, and given a friendly warning to a fair or gentle reader—the rest must take care of themselves—I leave him or her to steer through these anthropological sand banks and hidden rocks as best he or she may."

A spirited lady is Mrs. Burton. No doubt the Captain is proud of her.

Curious Facts Relative to the Population of New York.

The census of the state of New York for 1865 discloses some curious facts. The method of taking this census was different from all others in this respect, that it was taken *by families*. The census reported in 1865 a total of 780,931 families—196,803 families living without children, 148,208 with only one child, 140,572 with two, and 107,342 with three children. Here is almost one-fourth of all the families in the state in which not a single child was found; and in 592,924 families—more than three-fourths—there was, on an average, only a small fraction over one child to each family. In answer to the inquiry put to every woman who was or had been married (in all, 843,562,) how many children she had had, whether present or absent, living or dead, there were 115,252 women who responded that they never had had a child, 124,317 only one child, 123,319 two, and 108,324 three children. Here we find 115,252 women who were or had been married—almost one-seventh of all—who never bore a single child, and 471,772—more than one-half of all—who will average less than one child and seven-tenths to each woman. These figures include both the foreign and American classes, but a large proportion applies to the strictly American. If the law settled by mortuary statistics, that two-fifths of all children born die before reaching adult life, be applied to the above facts, it will appear that on an average only about one child to each woman ever reaches mature age—that is, only one-half of the original stock is supplied as far as these women (471,772) are concerned.

The whole population of the state of New York is composed, in its descent, of such mixed races that it is impossible to draw the exact line between what may be considered American, and what foreign; but the compiler of the census—Dr. Franklin B. Hough—became convinced that there is at the present time no *natural increase* in population among the families descended from the early settlers of the state. From an examination of the tables in the Census Report this general fact is very evident throughout the state, namely, that the married women of foreign origin have much the largest families. For instance, in the County of New York, reporting almost one-half of its population as foreign, we find this statement: while nine hundred and sixty-five American women have each ten children and upward, there were twenty-eight hundred and fifty foreign women having each ten children and upward, making three times as many.

There are not only agencies in society exercising a powerful influence in this matter, but there are great changes and fixed laws in the human system itself which have a still more powerful effect. In discussing the changes of population these causes have not always been properly considered. The conditions of the natural, healthy increase of a people are so numerous and complicated that it is difficult to give each one its proper place; but those pertaining directly to the body would seem to be most important and indispensable. Good health is one of these. It is well known that within fifty years, and even within half that time, there has been a great decline in the health of American women.—*Nathan Allen, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. Sales 12,000 bbls at $5@5,25 for superfine; $6@6,60 for extra; $7@8 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for choice Minnesota; $8@9,50 for Penna extra family; $9@10,50 for Ohio extra family, and $10,75@12,50 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in lots at $7@7,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull; 20,000 bus red sold at $1,45@1,55 for common to fair; 8000 bus amber at $1,80@1,90, and 7000 bus white at $2,05@2,25 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye; 4000 bus sold at $1,55@1,60 for Penna and Western, and $1,20 for Southern. Corn; 40,000 bus new yellow sold at 87@90c, and white at 85@86c. Oats; about 45,000 bus sold at 72@75c for Western, and 60@62c for Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Sales of mess Pork at $33@34. Mess Beef sells at $22@22,50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $14@15. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17½@19½c; Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of 1800 tcs pickled Hams at 18@19c, and Shoulders at 14½@14½c. Lard—Sales of 1200 bbls and tcs Western at 21@22c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 30@35, and prime Western and Penna at 40@45c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 20½@21½c.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. About 1000 bales of Middlings sold at 30c for Uplands, and 31@31½c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of 65,000 lbs of Apples at 10@14c, and 64,000 lbs of Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 12½@13½c for quarters, and 19@20c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is a fair business doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $40, and No 2 at $38. Scotch Pig sells at $42,50@43 ₱ ton, and Forge at $34@35 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $82,50@87 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—1500 bus Cloverseed sold at $9@9,62½, according to quality. Timothy we quote at $2,75@4. Flaxseed is selling at $2,05@2,10 ₱ bus.

"The No Plus Ultra in Cologne is Burnett's."—*True Flag, Boston.*

The Odor of Burnett's FLORIMEL is that of a choice bouquet.—*Boston Transcript.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Are you troubled with dizziness? Do you feel sluggish and heavy? If so, you are on the verge of a severe bilious attack; delay not a moment; use these Pills; they will save you months of sickness. Factory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

☞ At a recent examination into an alleged case of insanity, there was some difficulty in proving the insanity, when a witness casually said that he remembered hearing the alleged madman "argue with his wife." The jury, without even turning round, instantly gave a verdict of hopeless lunacy.

The Inclement Season,

And its effects on the Weak and Feeble.

The drafts which searching cold makes upon the vital powers of the debilitated and delicate are not less severe than the drain upon their strength caused by excessive heat. The vast disparity between the temperature of over-heated rooms and offices, at this season, and the frigidity of the outer air, is a truthful source of sickness. To fortify the body against the evil consequences of the sudden alternations of heat and cold referred to, the vital organization should be strengthened and endowed with extra resistant power by the use of a wholesome invigorant: and, of all preparations for this purpose, (whether embraced in the regular pharmacopœia, or advertised in the public journals,) there is none that will compare in purity and excellence with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Acting directly upon the organ which converts the food into the fuel of life, the preparation imparts to it a tone and vigor which is communicated to every fibre of the frame. The digestive function being accelerated by its tonic operation, the liver regulated by its anti-bilious properties, and the waste matter of the system carried off punctually by its mild aperient action, the whole organization will necessarily be in the best possible condition to meet the shocks of winter and the sudden changes of temperature. The weak and sensitive, especially, cannot encounter these vicissitudes with safety, unless their tender systems are strengthened and braced by artificial means. Every liquor sold as a staple of trade is adulterated, and, were it otherwise, mere alcohol is simply a temporary excitant, which, when its first effects have subsided, leaves the physical powers (and the mind as well,) in a worse condition than before. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, on the other hand, contain the essential properties of the most valuable tonic and alterative roots, barks and herbs, and their active principal is the mellowest, least exciting, and most innocuous of all diffusive stimulants. feb6-4t

☞ A negro woman was found dead in Columbus, Georgia, recently, from starvation and exposure. She had been offered work but refused, remarking that as she was free she should labor no more. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death from sheer laziness.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OR POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

☞ An acute observer has discovered that the Grecian bend is not indulged in by ladies in straightened circumstances.

Not a bit of Stain or Smart

will Wolcott's PAIN PAINT give; but it removes pain as quick as magic. Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR banishes Catarrh from the system, and all colds in the head. Recollect and get pint bottles, in white wrappers, $1, at druggists. feb13-2t

☞ A gentleman who has just furnished his house writes to us to say, that he finds dumb waiters don't answer.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Burton J. Kollock, Mr. WILLIAM M. MILLER to Mrs. MARGARET CLINE, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN S. COLLINS to Miss LUESSA A. FAUNCE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. wm. Cathcart, Mr. B. MORRIS MACILL to Miss ELIZABETH GREEN, both of Bucks county.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, THOMAS BIRCHALL to ELIZABETH A. WATSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES S. BURROWS, of Binghamton, N. Y., to Miss LIZZIE BLOCK, of this city.

On the 9th instant, at the Continental Hotel, Phila., by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, W. M. CHERRY, of North Carolina, to MAGGIE S., daughter of the late Rev. Jos. J. Hanly, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, SARAH P. VAN LEER, in her 88th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM C. BOCKIUS, in his 28th year.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS FENTON, in his 83d year.

On the 8th instant, GEORGE W. AVERY, in his 46th year.

On the 7th instant, ISABELLA, wife of Jno. Hyndman, aged 28 years.

On the 7th instant, JACOB A. BENDER, a soldier of the war of 1812, in his 83d year.

On the 7th instant, FANNIE D., wife of W. Harry Platt, aged 24 years.

On the 6th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Job Pugh, aged 29 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. HANNAH MYERS, in her 78th year.

WEDDING CARDS.—Wood cards on thin shavings of veneer are inclosed with invitations which occur on the fifth anniversary of a marriage. The tin wedding comes on the tenth anniversary, and is announced by a tin card. Crystallized cards are used for the fifteenth year, or crystal wedding. An appropriate present for this occasion, by the way, is a punch bowl, server, and cups, entirely of turquoise or pink glass in the present style. The silver wedding, twenty-five years after marriage, requires the invitation and monogram to be lettered in silver; the golden wedding in gold-leaf.

AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS, is *RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD* for the pianoforte, being the only book the teacher requires, and the book every pupil is attracted to. 150,000 copies already sold and the demand greater than ever before. 30,000 copies now selling every year. Its lessons are adapted to pupils of all ages, and its exercises attractive and useful in every stage of advancement. This book has on account of its actual merit, become the standard work of piano instruction, and the only one which every well-informed teacher and scholar uses. Price $3.75. Sent, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

☞ An olden time, when a mother decorated her child on the Sabbath, she said—"As I have adorned thee outside, may God adorn thee within." If she placed a Sunday wreath in her daughter's hair, she said: "May Jesus Christ thus place the wreath of eternal life upon thee in heaven."

$75 *to $200 per month*, everywhere, by male or female agents to sell a newly invented and elegantly constructed $10 *Sewing Machine*, noiseless in operation, uses the *straight Needle*, sews with *double or single thread*, makes the running hand stitch, will *gather, hem, ruffle, skirr, tuck, run up, braid&c, &c.*, requires no lubrication or change of stitch, *cannot get out of order* and will *last a life time*. Is a favorite everywhere and a great mechanical success. Imitations or infringements will be vigorously prosecuted. Illustrated circulars with testimonials free. Single Machines will be expressed to any address on receipt of $10. APEX SEWING MACHINE CO., 208 Broadway, New York. feb13-4t

☞ The prettiest actress in Paris caused a great fluttering in the breast of a rich foreigner. The other night he presented himself at her house, having taken precaution to precede his arrival with a packet containing ten thousand franc notes. Her reception of him was charming and everything he could wish. On taking leave of the tender object of his passion he said, "Permit me to call again some time, my dear child." "Are you then so very rich?" asked the innocent, casting down her eyes.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF Pennsylvania. Spring Session for ladies commences March 29, 1869, and continues fourteen weeks. Fees for the entire course $50. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, 514 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. feb13-3t

☞ A merchant brig got a pilot on board on the south coast of Ireland, to take her into Cork. It became stormy, and the pilot quite lost his reckoning. "You're a pretty pilot, truly," said the Captain, "not to know where we are!" "Och, my dear," replied the pilot, "show me the Old Head o' Kinsale, and I'll tell you where we are in an instant."

£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO., fe13-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency, No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

☞ When the heart is pure there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

☞ Brigham Young, it is stated, has fixed the proper length of ladies' dresses to be to the top of their feet-coverings. Some of the fair sex appear to have given in their adhesion to the rule, taking "feet covering" to mean stockings. Others, again, who are content to construe it "boots," meet the rule literally halfway, by wearing the Parisian high-ankle tasseled article.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
jan20-3m

☞ The report of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington shows that the average yield of wheat per acre in Maine, during the last two years, has been within one bushel and eight-tenths of that in Wisconsin. In Maine the straw is always marketable, while in Wisconsin it is frequently burned on the ground to get it out of the way.

TURKISH COMPOUND will force beard to grow on the smoothest face in five weeks. Sent by mail for 50 cents. H. C. HARTWELL, Box 241, Worcester, Mass. jan30-3t

☞ The Dixie Farmer says that the tobacco crop of last year was greater in Kentucky than ever before known. It estimates the yield at from between sixty and seventy thousand hogsheads, worth some seven millions of dollars.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6@8c ₱ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $17,00 to 17,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jel7-tf Box 230, Boston, Mass.

☞ The London Times, with full supplement, contains about 20,000 lines, or 200,000 words, equal to a 500 page octavo.

☞ A terrible warning to bachelors is the experience of Henry Kincaid, of Stafford, who having lived single to his 57th year, married a girl of 17 last fall, and last week was consigned to the lunatic asylum at Concord, N. H.

The Turkish Language.

Max Muller, the great philologist, appears to be delighted with the Turkish language. In one of his lectures he declares that the ingenious manner in which its numerous grammatical forms are presented must strike every one who has a taste for that wonderful faculty of the human mind which reveals itself in speech. "Here is a language," says he, "of such transparent construction that we can study its inner workings as we can watch the progress of cells in a beehive." Another distinguished authority is equally enthusiastic on the same subject:—"We might take the Turkish language for the scientific result of some learned body; but no such society could have been able to invent what the mind of man has produced in the isolation of the Tartar steppes, only prompted by its own laws or by an instinctive power which is as marvellous as any in nature." Yet this is the language which (like the Turk himself) is popularly regarded as barbarous and utterly incapable of improvement.

SEED POTATOES.

EARLY GOODRICH.

HARISON (GOODRICH'S).

WHITE PEACH BLOW.

EARLY ROSE.

We offer a supply of the above. The Early Goodrich will be found the most profitable for the season of '69, by parties south of Philadelphia, who grow for northern markets. It is unquestionably very early, and yields largely.

The following year ('70) the Early Rose will, beyond doubt, supersede it; it is earlier than the Early Goodrich, of better quality, by far and equally productive. The present high cost of the seed of the Early Rose is the only impediment to its exclusive culture for market purposes.

☞ Parties who propose to plant either for market or family use, may profit by communicating with us direct, or through merchants who vend our Seeds.

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St,

PHILADELPHIA.

feb13-6t

PRINCE EDWARD OATS.

An Invoice of these renowned Oats, weighing 40 pounds to the bushel, has been imported by the Subscribers expressly for Seed, with the hope of Improving our Stock.

They are offered at $5 PER SACK of two bushels, weighing 80 pounds net, no charge for Sack or portarage.

☞ For further information, address, enclosing postage stamp to prepay answer,

D. LANDRETH & SON,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

From Paschall Morris, Editor of "Practical Farmer."

D. LANDRETH & SON, whose advertisement of "Prince Edward Island Oats" will be found in an adjoining column, have sent a sample to our office. A critical examination of them has convinced us of their great weight, as compared with those of Pennsylvania growth. It may be that our climate will not produce such as they are; but it is certainly worth trial, and he cannot be termed a progressive farmer who, through simple fear of deterioration, should fail to use so desirable an opportunity to improve his stock. feb13-6t

☞ A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois declares that farmers, whose lands lie contiguous to railroads, and who keep the corners and plats free from weeds and grass, can recover damages for loss by fire of grain, hay, and stock, communicated by locomotives. Where, however, farmers and railroad companies permit grass and weeds to grow on land adjoining the track and fence corners on the farm, there can be no recovery. Mutual negligence forbids action for damage.

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

For testimonials, circulars, samples of cloth, price list, &c., address with stamps H. T. THOMAS, 29 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also supplies warp on beam or in chain for cloth or carpet reeds, harness, shuttles, bobbins, &c., &c. feb6-3m

☞ A poet thus describes how it snowed, and what he did:—

Softly, softly, while we slept,
Came the snow-flakes gently down,
Came and sorrowfully wove
A shroud of white for the buried town;
We rose with feelings grand and intense,
And hired a middle-aged Anglo-African
shovelist to clean our sidewalk off for
fifty cents.

The World Turns Round Every Day,

And brings us one day nearer that Great Horse Pond of Oblivion;—therefore, lose no time in investigating *the Great Original and only TWO DOLLAR SALE* in the United States. The richest and most extensive variety of Goods ever offered to the public for twice that amount. A new Patent Article given free with every check.

Our inducements to agents are *positively double* any one dollar sale house in existence. Clubs only half as large receive the same prizes. Send for our six page illustrated circular, the most attractive ever issued. Sent free to any address.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Write your own name, town, county, and State plainly. WILLIAMS, CRANE & CO.,
84 and 86 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

P. S.—Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement. feb13-4t

☞ When Maximin, the bloody tyrant of the Roman Empire, was before Aquileir with his vast army and powerful machines, and the inhabitants of that besieged town were in want of ropes to repair their military engines, the Aquileian matrons cut their long hair from their heads and handed it to their husbands. A temple was afterwards built to Venus in honor of these patriotic women.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. jan2-3m

"APPLES OF GOLD."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M. HARRIS.

I walked alone in the Summer,
In the scorching noonday glare,
And wept for the vanished morning,
And the June days, calm and fair.
"Alas!" I cried, "for the blossoms
In the blighting noon-heat dead!
O, woe! for the bowers of morning,
And the dew in my roses red."

But a pilgrim stood beside me
With a whiter robe than mine,
Around whose forehead, faintly,
I could see a halo shine.
"If the pearly gate await thee
By the river of Peace," he said,
"Then, surely, the warmth abideth—
And the glory is not fled!"

I walk alone in the highway
In the scorching noonday heat—
Though the way be long and weary,
And bleeding and worn my feet.
But I weep no more for the beauty
Of the little blossoms slain—
No more towards the Land of Bondage
I yearn with a hopeless pain.

For I know that the good Lord sent me,
To lighten my burden sore,
The words of the blessed pilgrim
That I keep forevermore.
And I look not back repining,
But up with a faith divine,
For the portal of Peace stands open—
The glory of heaven is mine!

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 6.

GIRDLES—RUNNING BEFORE HORSES.

"Elijah girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab." The robes of the Hebrews of former times, like those of most Oriental nations of the present day, were made loose and flowing, and were so worn in their hours of rest and relaxation; but whenever a journey, or any kind of labor was to be undertaken, the garments were confined by girdles about the waist. These girdles were of various kinds, and adapted to different uses. Some, costly and beautiful, composed of the most precious materials, like those Solomon describes the virtuous woman as making and delivering to the merchants, (Prov. xxxi. 24,) were worn by both sexes for convenience and ornament; for confining the upper garment at the waist, and the ends of the girdle as a sort of scrip or purse, as in Matt. x. 9, where the apostles were forbidden to carry "gold or silver or brass in their purses." John, the Revelator, saw our Lord in a "golden girdle," (Rev. i. 3,) which would seem to denote His office of Great High Priest of His people. So also the seven angels who came out of the temple, (Rev. xv. 6,) wore "golden girdles," probably to mark the excellence of their ministrations as priests of the temple—whilst John the Baptist and several of the prophets wore girdles of *leather*, in token of humility, and contempt of the fashions of the world. Girdles of *sackcloth* were used in the olden time, and are still among many Oriental nations, both in token of mourning, and as symbols of humiliation and penitence. Thus in Isaiah iii. 24, we find God threatening to send on His people for their sins a "girdle of sackcloth."

Josephus describes the girdles of the *priesthood* as *woven* in threads of purple, scarlet, and hyacinth, and adds that they were so long as to reach down to the feet, after passing twice around the body, and being tied in front; while performing the rites of sacrifice in the temple, he says, they threw the ends of the girdle over the left shoulder, that they might not be hindered in their vocation. These *sacerdotal* girdles are often alluded to in the Mosaic law. The *military* girdle was still another affair—of firmer texture, and stronger and more durable every way, though sometimes very richly ornamented. It was needed for fastening the armor, and enabling the soldier the better to endure fatigue, as well as adding celerity to his movements. *These* girdles were sometimes given as rewards for extraordinary bravery or success; as if shown by the words of Joab to the man who saw Absalom hanging by his hair to the tree, "why didst thou not smite him to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a *girdle*," 2d Sam. xxiii. 11. Sometimes also as tokens of friendship, as by Jonathan, Saul's son, to David. Job, lauding the Majesty of Jehovah, says "He looseth the bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle,"—that is, He deprives them of their regal power and dignity, and abases them to a condition of servitude.

In Oriental lands the loins are always girt preparatory to any unusual exertion, especially that of running before horses, as Elijah did before the chariot of Ahab. Sometimes the girdle or bandages are so tightly drawn as to render stooping hazardous to life. In Persia, near the town of Isphahan, there is a monument, which the natives say was erected in memory of a runner, whose death was occasioned by his fidelity to his sovereign. The monarch on one occasion held a ring, which it was the duty of this runner to stoop and pick up whenever it was dropped; and the tyrant desiring the death of his faithful servant, and feeling assured that he would sacrifice his life rather than fail in his duty, threw down the ring on purpose to ensure his destruction. The *ruse* succeeded, and the faithful follower fell a martyr to his sense of duty.

This custom is referred to by the prophet Isaiah, (chap. viii. 9,) when foretelling the invasion of the Assyrian monarch, and the utter impossibility of the Jews escaping from God's judgments. "*Gird* yourselves," says he, "and ye shall be broken in pieces"—*i. e.*, "put forth your utmost strength, exert all your powers of endurance and resistance, and yet all will be unavailing in the unequal contest between man's puny strength and the power of the Infinite."

In Psalm xviii. 39, David says of God, "Thou hast *girded* me with strength unto the battle;" and again, recurring to the Divine interposition in his behalf, when his enemies had seemed for a time to triumph, his language is, "thou hast put off my sackcloth, and *girded* me with gladness. In Psalm xciii. 1, the Omnipotent himself is, by a beautiful metaphor, spoken of as "clothed with strength, wherewith he hath *girded* himself;" and as the result of this exertion of his power, it is added, "the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved." In Hannah's song of thanksgiving, (1st Sam. ii. 4,) she exults in the Divine majesty and excellence, and shows the utter impotence of even "the mighty men, *girded* with strength," as compared with the power of the Infinite Jehovah. But among the various scriptural allusions to this ancient and still existing custom, there is peculiar force and beauty in the exhortation of St. Paul to the church at Ephesus (Eph. vi. 14, 15). "Stand therefore, having your loins *girt* about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." Showing how the Christian, clad in the full armor of his captain, must, in his contest with the powers of darkness, be *girded* with the strength that truth only can give, firmly rooted and grounded in the faith, with mind and heart fixed unalienably on the great doctrines of salvation. It cannot be supposed that this *girding* referred only to the belt that the flowing robes of the East require to be worn in the ordinary disposal of the dress; since the allusion of the passage is to *armor*, not apparel, and this girdle must be included in "the whole armor" with which the Apostle exhorts the Christian warrior to be invested. It was the *military* girdle, not only ornamental in giving the finish to other parts of the equipment, but still more important for defence in covering the joints of the armor, and buckling on the sword, and most of all for strengthening the loins of the wearer, and enabling him the better to endure hardness as a "good soldier."

It is, however, not alone in the sense of imparting strength for great emergencies, that "girding the loins" is spoken of in the Scriptures. It is also frequently used as a symbol of servitude, and metaphorically, as indicating humility, self-abnegation, and a willingness to take the lowest place, and render honor or obedience to those before whom the girdle is assumed. In this sense it is used by the Prophet Joel (chap. i. 13) in his exhortation to the priests, in prescribing a fast for the people of Israel, "*gird* yourselves and lament ye priests, lie all night in sack-cloth." And again by Christ in his language to Peter after the resurrection, "signifying by what death he should glorify God" (John xxi. 18). "When thou wert young thou girded thyself, and walkedest wither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thine hands, and another shall *gird* thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not."

It bears the same meaning in the few brief words of Jesus to his "little flock," as he just before designates his faithful band of followers, "let your loins be *girded* about, and your light burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he shall return from the wedding." That is, be ready for any service to which you may be called, prepared like servants who wait for the orders of their lord, or soldiers for those of their commander. But most impressive and touching of all, stands the *example* of the blessed Redeemer himself, who, "rising from supper, just before he was betrayed, laid aside his (upper) garments, and took a towel and girded himself, and washed the disciples feet, and wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded." Thus, he who was Lord of all, taking "upon himself the form of a servant," has left to his followers, for their imitation till he shall come again in glory, an enduring example of humility and brotherly love, saying to them, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John xiii. 4–15.

Turning now from the *first* clause of the passage quoted at the head of this article, "Elijah girded up his loins," the attention of the reader is invited to the *second*, "*and ran before Ahab.*" When it is recollected that "Ahab rode in his chariot," that a man of his reckless daring, now especially, infuriated as he was against the prophet, whom he regarded as the cause of all his troubles—vexed and excited about the past, and anxious for the future—would ride furiously as a very Jehu on the occasion, the running before him of the prophet Elijah seems strange and unaccountable. A *Western* reader naturally asks the cause and meaning of such a course, if he does not altogether doubt the *possibility* of a man on foot keeping pace, over hill and dale, with the chariot of an angry and excited rider; while to an *Oriental* such scenes are too common to elicit even a passing comment. For not only is it customary, throughout the East, for kings and personages of rank to have men running on foot before and beside them as they ride on horseback or in carriages, but he is considered a very sorry runner who cannot hold out at any pace *as long or longer than his master's horse.* This they can do even when the rider puts his horse in a gallop; and they are so trained to their business, that the feats they are able to accomplish would seem to a European perfectly incredible. In Persia they are called *shatirs;* and Chardin quotes the case of one, who to secure the office of *shatir* to the king, made *one hundred and twenty miles in fourteen hours' consecutive running;* and who was censured for not having accomplished the trip in *twelve.*

In all Southern Asia, where the pony *palanquin* is in general use, each horse is assigned to a *syce*, whose duties are not simply to feed and attend to the comfort of the animal placed under his charge, but also *to run with the horse whenever he is taken out.* To do this the left arm of the *syce* is thrown over the horse's neck, and standing close alongside of the pony's head, he readily guides the animal as he wishes, by a slight motion of the bridle, which he holds in his right hand. In this way he will run for hours as fast as a good horse can trot, really appearing to regard both heat and fatigue less than does the horse.

I have often seen a *syce* take his horse out of the palanquin and walk him slowly up and down for perhaps an hour, till the animal became cool enough to eat and drink with safety, and then leaving the horse to enjoy his food and repose, he would himself turn in to clearing up his stable, without once sitting down, after the morning's run of perhaps a dozen miles! Nor do these *syces* consider their employ by any means objectionable or degrading. They select it by choice when quite young, are trained to it from childhood, and seldom evince any inclination to forsake their calling for another. Habit, with them, becomes a second nature; and they acquire such a fondness for horses in general, and their own special charge in particular, that they of choice sleep in their stables, take their meals there, and generally spend most of their leisure hours in talking to and caressing their horses, as we would a favorite child. I scarce ever knew a *syce* who would not rather receive a blow himself than have one inflicted on his charge by any other hand than his own.

I had once a pretty Bengal pony that was not strong enough for the service he had to perform, and as he was a favorite animal that I did not like to see over-worked, I sold him to a gentleman who I supposed at the time wished him for a riding horse. One morning, a few days after the sale, my *syce*, who had taken care of the pony while he belonged to me, threw himself at my feet, weeping, tearing his hair, and uttering the most piteous lamentations. As soon as he was able to articulate, he explained to me that he had just seen his former charge driven past in a top-buggy that was loaded with no less than *four* persons, two adults and two children, and added that he was quite sure his petted favorite could not survive many days of such cruel labor.

I shared his opinions; and unwilling to see my former pet thus abused, I sent for the purchaser, gave back the money with an additional bonus, and soon had the satisfaction of having my pretty pony again in my own possession.

The delight of his former keeper was unbounded—he danced, sang, and wept by turns, threw his arms around the glossy neck of the docile animal—and exhausted the entire vocabulary of his mother tongue for epithets of endearment; which the noble creature seemed really to understand and appreciate.

This eastern custom of running with horses, is no doubt that alluded to in the case of Elijah running before Ahab—the prophet thus evincing his humility, and *personally* his willingness to stoop to be the servant of the king on all *suitable* occasions. When he claimed more, it was as *the prophet of the Lord*, not as an individual.

F. R. F.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

It may be superfluous to inform the readers of THE POST that Christmas in the southern hemisphere is a season of warmth, of sunshine, and of open-air enjoyment. Of course, throughout all Christendom the occasion is the same. You may hear the magnificent hymn of the nativity sung in the churches of South Africa as it is at home, and in the island of Timor, two hundred Malay children mingling their voices with those of the Dutch colonists in the Angels' Song. But in the terrestrial festivities of the season in such regions, the fireside enjoyments of England and America have no place. Friends and relatives interchange short visits, say a few words of kindly greeting, and picnic parties, in the lightest costume, escape from the heated town to spend the rest of the day in the coolest and shadiest groves.

Our engraving represents one of the warm summer Christmas days in Australia. The singular looking trees are a kind of Baobab trees. A sort of picnic is in progress, and the day of the Nativity is being celebrated not before the glowing winter fire, but in the warm air of the Australian summer.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

PREFACE.—The germ of this story appeared in a short tale published by the author in a first class periodical many years ago; but she has now taken it up, enlarged the plot, and re-written and lengthened the whole, making the present a long as well as an almost entirely new story.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

On a certain portion of the English coast, lying sufficiently convenient to that of France to have given rise to whispers of smuggling in the days gone by, there is a bleak plateau of land, rising high above the sea. It is a venturesome feat to walk close to its edge and gaze down the perpendicular cliffs to the beach below—enough to make a strong man dizzy. A small beach just there, called the Halfmoon from its shape, nearly closed in by the projecting rocks, and accessible only from the sea at high water; at low water a very narrow path leads from it round the left projection of rock. It was a peculiar place altogether, this spot; and it is necessary to make it pretty clear to the imagination of those who read the story connected with it. The Halfmoon itself was never under water, for the tide did not reach it, but the narrow path winding round to the left *was;* and that rendered the half-circular beach unapproachable by land at intervals in the four-and-twenty hours. A few rude steps shelved down from this Halfmoon to a small strip of lower beach underneath, whose ends were lost in the sea. The projecting rocks on either side, forming as may be said the corners of the Halfmoon, went right into the sea. Those on your right hand (standing face to the sea) cut off all communication with the shore beyond, for a depth of water touched them always. Those on the left extended less far out, and the narrow path winding round them was dry when the tide was down. It thus arose that the Halfmoon could be gained by this one narrow path only, or by a boat from the sea.

For all practical purposes it might just as well have been unattainable. Not once in a month—nay, it might be said, not once in twelve months—would any human being stray thither. Not only was there no end to be answered in going to it, but the place was said to be haunted; and the simple villagers around would sooner have spent the night watching in the church's vaults than have ventured to the Halfmoon beach between sundown and cockcrow. The most superstitious race of men on the earth's surface are sailors; and fishermen partake of the peculiarity.

Turning round on the plateau now—it is called the plateau just as the beach below is called the Halfmoon—with our backs to the sea, we look inland. It is only the plateau that is high; the coast itself and the lands around lie rather low. On the left hand (remember that our hands have been reversed) a long line of dreary coast stretches onwards, not a habitation to be seen; on the right lies the village—Coastdown. Fishermen's huts are built on the side and top of the cliffs, not there so perpendicular; small cottages dot the low-lying grass lands; and an opening in the one poor street (if it can be called such) of the village, shows the real useable beach and the few fishing craft moored to it.

Standing still on the plateau, our backs to the sea, the eye falls on a landscape of cultivated plains, extending out for miles and miles. The only house near to the plateau is exactly opposite to it—a large red brick house built in a dell. It may be a quarter of a mile distant from the edge of the plateau where we stand, but the gradual descent of the grassy land causes it to look very much nearer. This is the Red Court Farm. It is a low, long house, rather than a high one, and has been built on the site of an ancient castle, signs of whose ruins may be seen still. The plateau itself is but as wide as about a good stone's throw; and on its lower part, not far from where it joins the lands of the Red Court Farm, and the descent is rather abrupt, rises a dilapidated circular stone wall, breast high, with a narrow opening where the door used to be. This is called the Round Tower, and is supposed to have been the watch-tower of the castle.

The Red Court stands alone, the last house of the colony, some distance removed from any; its gates and door of entrance are at the end of the house, looking to the village. The nearest building to it is the small old church, St. Peter's, standing in the midst of a large graveyard dotted with graves; with its portico-entrance, and its square belfry, gray with age, green with patches of moss. The high road, advancing from the open country behind—it's hard to say whence, or from what bustling cities—comes winding by the entrance gates of the Red Court Farm with a sharp turn, and sees two roads branching off before it. It takes the one to the right, bearing round to the village, passes through it, and goes careering on to Jutpoint, a small town, some four or five miles distant, having the sea on the right all the way. The other branching road leads past the church to the heath, or common, on which are situated the handful of houses, all of moderate size, inhabited by the gentry of the place.

The only good house was the Red Court Farm. Thornycroft owned the Red Court and some of the land around it; and he rented more, which he farmed. Many years ago a gentleman had come down to look at the place which was for sale, and bought it.

He was named Thornycroft. His two sons, Richard and Harry, were fine, powerful young men, but wild in their habits, and caused some scandal in the quiet place. Previous to the purchase, the house had been known as the Red Court, it was supposed from the deep red of the bricks of which it was built. Mr. Thornycroft at once added on the word "Farm"—the Red Court Farm. A right good farmer he proved himself to be, the extent of the land being about three hundred acres, comprising what he rented. Within a very few years of the purchase Mr. Thornycroft died, and Richard, the eldest son, came into possession. In the following year Richard also died, from the effects of an accident in France. Both the brothers were fond of taking continental trips, Richard especially.

Thus the place came into the hands of Harry Thornycroft, and he entered upon it with his wife and little son. His ostensible residence since his marriage had been in London; but he had stayed a great deal at the Red Court Farm. A second son was soon after born, and some five or six years later another boy and girl. Mrs. Thornycroft, a gentle, lady-like, delicate woman, did not enjoy robust health. Something in her face and manner seemed to give the idea that she had an inward care—that skeleton in the closet from which so few of us are quite free. Whether it was so or not in her case none could tell. That Harry Thornycroft made her a fond and indulgent husband—that they were much attached to each other—there could be no doubt of. Her look of care may have arisen solely from her state of health; perhaps from the secret conviction that she should be called away early from her children. Years before she died Coastdown said she was fading away. Fade away she did, without any very tangible disorder, and was laid to rest in a corner of the churchyard. To those who know where to look for it, her large white tombstone may be distinguished from our standing-place on the plateau. That grief had been long over, and the Red Court itself again.

Mr. Thornycroft was a country magistrate, and rode in to Jutpoint, when the whim took him, and sat upon the bench there. There was no bench at Coastdown; but petty offenders were brought before him at the Red Court—partly because he was the only gentleman in the commission of the peace living at Coastdown, partly from the fact that he was more wealthy and influential than all the other residents put together. A lenient justice was he, never convicting when he could spare: many a fine, that he himself had imposed from the bench of Jutpoint, was mysteriously conveyed out of his pocket into the poor offender's to save the man from prison. To say that Justice Thornycroft—the title generally accorded him—was beloved in Coastdown, would be a poor word to define the feeling of the poorer people around. He had a liberal hand, an open heart; and no person carried a tale of trouble to him in vain. His great fault, said the small gentry around, was unreasonable liberality. Never was there a pleasanter companion than he, and his brother magistrates chuckled when they got an invitation to the Red Court dinners, for they loved the hearty welcome and the jolly cheer.

The two elder sons, Richard and Isaac, were fine, towering men like himself—rather wild both, just what Harry Thornycroft and his elder brother had been in their young days. Richard was dark, stern, and resolute; but he would unbend to courtesy over his wine when guests were at table. The few who remembered the dead elder brother, said Richard resembled him much more than he did his father, as is sometimes seen to be the case. Certainly in countenance, Richard was not like the justice. Isaac was. It was his father's fair and handsome face over again, with its fine features, its dark-blue eyes, and its profusion of light curling hair. There was altogether a great charm in Isaac Thornycroft. His manners were winning; his form, strong and tall as Richard's, had a nameless grace and ease that Richard's lacked; and his heart and hand were open as his father's. The young one, Cyril, was less robust than his brothers—quiet, gentle, very much like his dead mother. Cyril's taste was all for books; to the out-of-door life favored by Richard and Isaac he had never been given. Richard called him a "milksop;" Isaac would pet him almost as he might a girl; all indulged him. To Richard and Isaac no profession was given; as yet none was talked of for Cyril. The two elder occupied themselves on the land—ostensibly, at any rate; but half their time was spent in shooting, fishing, hunting, according to the seasons. "A thriving farm the Red Court must be," quoth the neigh-

THE MEETING AT THE GATE.

bors given to gossip, "for the old man to keep all his sons to it." But it was well known that Mr. Thornycroft must possess considerable private property; the style of living would alone prove that.

A broad gravel drive led straight from the gates to the entrance door. There were different gates and entrances at the back of the house, serving for farm vehicles, for servants, and for people on business generally. The kitchens and other domestic apartments were at the back, looking on to the various buildings behind—barns, stables, and such like. The further end of the stables joined some of the old ruins still standing—in fact, it may be said that part of the ruins were used as such. The young men kept their dog-cart there—a large, stylish affair, capable of containing no end of dogs—and the fleet, strong, fine horse usually drew it. The front of the house (as already seen) faced the plateau and the sea—a wide handsome frontage enclosing handsome rooms. And it is quite time we entered them.

Through the portico, level with the ground, and up the two steps into the long but somewhat narrow hall—very narrow at the back, and shut in by a door—doors opened on either side it. The first room on the right was the dining-room—a spacious apartment, warm and comfortable, bright pictures on its dark wainscoated walls, a rich Turkey carpet giving luxury to the tread. The windows were at the end, looking towards the village and the church belfry; and the fire-place was opposite the door. Passing up the hall, the next room was called familiarly the justice-room. Here Mr. Thornycroft sat when offenders were brought before him, and here he saw his farming people and kept his papers. Beyond this was the stair-case, and a door, still on the right, opening on the passage leading to the domestic apartments. On the left-hand side of the entrance-hall was the large drawing-room, its windows facing the front; beyond it a smaller and plainer one, always in use. A snug little parlor adjoined this, in which Miss Thornycroft took her lessons: all these three faced the front. The door at the back of the hall opened on a passage and to some rooms used only by the gentlemen. The passage ran through to a side entrance, which was just opposite that portion of the stables built on the old ruins—this was convenient, since the young men, who had a habit of coming in all hours of the day and night, could put up their horse and dog-cart and let themselves in with their latch-keys without sound or movement penetrating to the family and household.

It is with the study, Miss Thornycroft's parlor, that we have to do to-day. Its window is thrown open to the hot July sun—to the green lawn and the shrubs underneath—to the bare plateau beyond, on whose edge a coast-guardsman was pacing on duty—to the sparkling sea in the distance. The paper of the room was of white and gold, pretty drawings and landscapes in water-colors adorning it. Some of them had been done by Miss Thornycroft, some by her late mother. The carpet and chairs were green; the piano, cabinets, and other furniture were handsome; the white curtains waved in the gentle breeze—altogether it was a room pleasant to look upon.

Seated on the music-stool, her face to the door, was a little middle-aged, brown woman, unmistakably French, without heeding her tongue, which was going fluently, a look of reproach on her naturally placid face. It was Mademoiselle Derode, the governess, resident now some five years at the Red Court. A simple-minded woman, accomplished though she was—good as gold, and timid as her own nature. Richard Thornycroft had related to her some of the ghostly tales connected with the Red Court—or rather with its immediate environs—and she would not have stirred out at night alone for the world. Her chamber window when she first came faced the plateau; after hearing the stories she begged and prayed to be removed into another. Mrs. Thornycroft, alive then, complied with a sad smile, and reproved Richard in her gentle manner for saying anything. If whispers were to be believed, these same ghostly rumors were even then helping to kill Mrs. Thornycroft.

Mademoiselle Derode was *en colere* this morning with her pupil. French, German, English; good music, harp, and piano; drawing and painting; she was thoroughly versed in all, and had as thoroughly taught. For her age, Miss Thornycroft was an exceedingly well-educated girl, but apt at times to be a rebellious one. In fact she was growing quite beyond the control of the little governess.

The young lady stood by the table facing the window—a tall, very handsome girl of nearly sixteen, with her brother Isaac's fair skin and bright features, and a suspicious look of Richard's resolute lip. She wore a blue muslin dress, blue ribbons in her fair hair; her pretty hands were tossing, not in play but petulance, a large white rose, broken short off from the stalk; her well-shaped head was thrown back; her light clear blue eyes looked out defiantly.

"As if there could be reason in it!" spoke mademoiselle in her quaint but well-pronounced English. "You did but the little half of your lessons yesterday; the other day before it you went out without saying to me the one word; and now this morning you want to go out again. You will not do any one little thing! I say, Miss Mary Anne, that it has not reason in it."

"I promised Captain Copp I would go, mademoiselle. Mrs. Copp will be waiting for me."

"And I promise you that you cannot go," returned the governess, decisively. "My faith! you go, you go, you go; yesterday, to-day, to-morrow; and where are your studies? I might as well take my departure; I am of no longer use."

"I wish I was that dounnier," spoke the young lady with an angry stamp, looking out at the preventive man pacing the edge of the plateau.

"I wish you were—for one day; you would soon wish yourself back again into yourself, Miss Thornycroft. Will you sit down and begin your studies?"

"No; it is too hot to work. German would give me the headache to-day, mademoiselle."

"I wish your papa, Monsieur the Justice was at home. I would appeal to him."

"So would I. I wish he was! Papa would not make me do lessons against my will."

"Will you come into the other room to your harp, then?"

"No," reiterated Miss Thornycroft.—"When I don't want to work, I can't work; and, excuse me, mademoiselle, but I *won't*. There! I am invited out to-day, and I want to go. Mrs. Sam Copp is going to Jutpoint, and she is to take me."

Mademoiselle got up in despair. Day by day, she saw it well, her authority was getting less.

"Miss Mary Anne, hear me! *I will not have you go.* I defend you to quit the house."

Mary Anne laughed disobediently.

"I shall go if Captain Copp comes for me, mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle wrung her hands.

"I will go and find Mr. Richard. He is master here when the justice is not. I will lay the case before him and say, 'What am I to do with this rebellious child?'"

She quitted the room on her search. Miss Thornycroft went to the window and leaned out, wishing herself once more the preventive man, or anybody else who had not a governess. At that moment she saw her brother Isaac go running on to the plateau from the direction of the village, stand a minute talking with the coast-guardsman, and then come vaulting down towards the house. It has not been mentioned that a line of light railings enclosed the plateau below the round tower—a boundary line between it and the Red Court grounds. Isaac Thornycroft leaped the railings, and saw his sister. She called to him in a voice of earnestness; he came round to the front entrance and entered the room.

Handsome in his careless grace, and bright as the summer's morning. He wore light cool clothes, his linen was curiously white and fine; looking altogether, as he always did, a noble gentleman. Richard would be in coarse things, unbrushed and shabby, for a week together; the brothers had quite opposite instincts.

Mary Anne went up to him with a pleading voice and tears in her eyes, all her assumption of will gone.

"Oh, Isaac!—dear Isaac! won't you help me? You are always kind."

"My little dove! what is it?"

She told her tale. Her engagement with Captain and Mrs. Copp, and mademoiselle's cruel hard-heartedness. Isaac laughed outright.

"Cruel hard-heartedness, indeed! worse than that of Barbara Allen. My pretty one!" he whispered, stooping until his lips touched her cheek.

"Well, Isaac?"

"Put on your things, and I'll smuggle you off. Quick."

She needed no second warning. In two minutes, down she was again, a white mantle on her shoulders, a straw hat with its blue ribbons shading her fair bright face. Isaac took her out at the front door, just before Mademoiselle Derode got back again.

"I have sent for your brother, Mr. Richard, Miss Mary Anne, and—*Elle n' est pas ici!*"

Mademoiselle called, and looked in this room and that. She had not finished when Richard strode in, his face dark and stern as usual, his shoes and gaiters dusty, his velveteen waistcoat buttoned close up, his coat soiled. He had been helping to fill in a pond.

"Lessons! of course she must learn her lessons. Where is she, mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle was arriving at the conclusion that she was nowhere. One of the housemaids had seen her dress herself, and go down stairs. Of course she had gone. Gone in disobedience! Richard went back to his pond, and mademoiselle sat down and folded her arms.

In the course of an hour Mr. Thornycroft came in. A handsome man still, upright and grand; his features fair and pleasant, his smile rather free, no gray as yet mingling with his still luxuriant hair. Mademoiselle carried her grievance to him; as she had been obliged to do more than once of late.

"It is not to complain of her, monsieur; I'm sure you know that, I love her too well; but in her own interest I must speak. She is at the age when she most needs guidance and control; and she is showing that she has a will of her own, and will exercise it! It was always there."

"I suppose it was," said the justice. "I have a will myself. Richard and Isaac have wills."

"If I can no longer be obeyed, monsieur, better that I should go back to my little home in France, and make a place for a governess who will have control."

"No, no," said Mr. Thornycroft, very quickly. "That would not do. I'll have no fresh governess here."

"But what is to be done, monsieur?"

"I'll think of it," said Mr. Thornycroft.

CHAPTER II.

ROBERT HUNTER AND HIS WIFE.

In the midst of the pretty and exclusive village of Katterly, an inland spot, from twenty to thirty miles away from the sea, there stands a charming residence, half-cottage, half-villa, called Katterly Lodge. Its rooms are warm in winter, cool in summer; it rises in the midst of a lovely garden, in view of magnificent scenery; and the sweetest roses and honeysuckles entwine themselves on its walls.

The evening August sun—July had just past—shone full on its entrance gate; on a lady, young and fair, who was leaning over it. She may have been about three-and-twenty, and she was dressed in white, with ribbons in her hair. There was a remarkable refinement and delicacy in her face, her manners, and her appearance altogether; and her soft dark eyes had a sad expression. Did you, who may be reading this, ever observe that peculiar, sad look—not a passing sadness or one caused by present care—but a fixed mournful look implanted in the eyes by nature? It is not a common expression, or one often seen; rely upon it, when you do see it it is but an index that the spirit is, or will be sad within.

Sauntering by the road towards the gate, encumbered with a basket, a rod, and other apparatus pertaining to the fishing art, strode a gentleman, carelessely switching the hedge as he passed it. No sad expression was there about him; rather the contrary. He was of middle height, very slender, with a frank pleasant face given to laughing, and dark auburn hair; his manner was light, his speech free and careless. Her face sparkled at his approach, and she opened the gate long before he had gained it.

"What sport, Robert? What have you brought?"

"Brought you myself," was the gentleman's reply, as he passed in at the gate she held wide. "Thank you. How much is the toll?"

As he bent to take the "toll," a kiss, she glanced shyly in his face and blushed—blushed brightly; although she was his wife of nearly three years' standing. In a retiring impassioned earnest nature such as hers, it takes a great deal ere love can die out—a convulsion sometimes. With her it had not begun to die.

His name was Robert Frederick Hunter. His wife liked the second name best, and generally called him by it, but as other people adhered to the first it may be best to do so here. His career already, young though he was, had seen changes. Reared in middle-class life in the north of England, practically educated, rather than fashionably, he had served his articles to a civil engineer. Ere they were quite out and he free, a small fortune came to him through a relative. Mr. Robert Hunter thought he could not do better than take to a red-coat, and he purchased a lieutenancy in a home corps. Nearly simultaneous with this, he met with Clara Lake, of Katterley. He fell in love with her; at least he fancied so; she most unmistakably did with him, and the preliminaries for a marriage were arranged. Her father made it a proviso that he should quit the army; and that they should live with him after the marriage at Katterley Lodge. Robert Hunter assented, sold out, and the marriage took place. When his wife's father died shortly after, it was found that Katterley Lodge and money amounting to four or five hundred a year were left to her, with a condition that Mr. Hunter should take the name of Lake. So he was mostly called in Katterley, Lake, or Hunter-Lake; elsewhere he was as before, Hunter. Just for the present we will call him Lake, but it must not be forgotten that Hunter was his real name.

Mr. Lake opened his basket as he got in and displayed the contents—some fine trout. Two were ordered to be dressed, and served with the tea. On the days of these fishing expeditions, Mrs. Lake dined early. Occasionally she went with him. Not very often. The sport wearied her, and but for him at whose side she sat, it would never have been endurable. "Sport indeed!" she used laughingly to say, "I'd as soon be at a funeral."

"What have you been doing all the afternoon, Clara?"

"Oh, reading and working; and wishing it was time for you to come home."

"Silly girl!" laughed he, as he played with her curls. "Suppose I should be brought home to you some day fished out of the stream myself; drowned and dead."

"Don't joke, please," was her reply, given in a low voice.

"It had like to have been no joke this afternoon. I all but over-balanced myself. But for a friendly tree I should have been in; perhaps done for."

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, the bright rose fading out of her cheeks.

"And there's a fierce bit of current there, and the river is at its deepest, and the mill-wheel a stone's throw lower down," he continued, as if he enjoyed the sport of teasing her; which perhaps he did. "I was an idiot never to learn to swim."

"Did you slip?" she asked in a half-whisper.

"No; I was leaning too far forward and lost my balance. Oh, Clary! you are a little coward at best. Why your heart is beating fast; a vast deal faster than mine did, I can tell you. And where have your roses gone?"

She looked up with a faint smile.

To be affected in this manner, to agitation, merely at the recital of the possible danger, now past, was what Mr. Lake did not understand. Neither did he understand the depth of her love, for no sentiment in his own heart echoed to it; the time for love, with him, had not come.

"It is simply foolish, child, to feel alarm now," he said, looking at her gravely.

"You must not go again, Robert."

The remark called forth a hearty laugh. "Not go again! What am I to do, then, until shooting comes in?"

What, indeed? Robert Lake was an idle man. One of those whose unhappy lot it is (the most unhappy lot on earth) to be obliged to "kill" time, or else find it hang on their hands with a heavy weight. To a man born to idleness, cradled in the lap of luxury, it is bad enough; but to Robert Lake, brought up to industry, it was simply unbearable. He was skilled and clever in his profession, and he loved it; the misfortune of his life was having the money left to him; the great mistake his quitting his profession. He saw it now; he had seen it nearly ever since. Another mistake, but a smaller one, was his retiring from the army; as he had entered it, he ought to have kept in it. That fault was not his, but old Mr. Lake's. Lieutenant Hunter was on a visit at his sister's when he met Clara Lake, also staying there, an heiress in a small way. They fell in love with each other; he, after his temperament, carelessly and lightly, a species of love that he had felt for others, and would feel for more; she with all the fervor, the lasting depth of an impassioned and poetic nature. When he came to speak of marriage, and the father—an old-fashioned man who had once worn a pig-tail—said "Yes, upon condition that you quit soldiering and settle down with me—I cannot part with my daughter," Robert Hunter acquiesced without a word of murmur. Nay, he rather liked the prospect; change of all sorts bears its charm of magic for the young. And he was very young; but a year or so older than his wife. They settled down in Katterley Lodge; he to idleness, and it brings danger sometimes; she to happiness, which she believed in as real, as a bliss that would last forever. If there were a man more perfect than other men on earth, she believed her husband to be that man. A charming confidence, a safeguard for a wife's heart; but sometimes the trust gets rudely awakened. One great grief had come to Clara Lake—she lost her baby; but she was getting over that now.

How intolerable idleness had been to Robert Hunter at first, none save himself ever knew. Over and over again visions of resuming his work as a civil engineer, came pressing on him. But it was never done. In the first year of their marriage came old Mr. Lake's long illness and death; in the second year came the baby and a prolonged illness for Clara; in the third year, this, the idleness had grown upon him, and he cared less to exchange it for hard work. It is of all evils nearly the most insidious.

All the year long, from January to December, living at Katterley Lodge with nothing to do! And he was really beginning not to feel the sameness. Their income, about six hundred pounds a year in all, was not sufficient to allow of their mixing in the great world's fair, the London season; and one visit only had they paid the seaside. The pretty cottage, with its roses and its honeysuckles for a bower, and fishing for recreation in the summer season! It had a monotonous charm, no doubt; but the young man's conscience sometimes warned him that he was wasting his life.

The tea and the fish came in, and they sat down to it, Mrs. Lake remarking that she had forgotten to mention his sister had been there.

"What has she come over for?"

"To see the Jupps. Some little matter of business, she said."

"Business with the Jupps! Gossiping, rather, Clary."

"She said she should remain to tea with them. I wanted her to come back and take it with us; I told her there would be some fish. The fish was a great temptation, she said, but she must stay at the Jupps! Who's this?" continued Mrs. Lake, as the gate was pushed open with a hasty hand. "Why, here she is!"

"And now for a clatter." He alluded to his sister's voluble tongue, but he got up and went out to greet her, table-napkin in hand. It was Mrs. Chester, his half-sister. She was ten years older than he, twenty times older in experience, and rather inclined to be dictatorial to him and his gentle wife. Her husband, a clergyman, had died a few months back, and she was not left well off in the world. She had just taken a house at Guild, a place about seven miles from Katterley; though how she meant to pay expenses in it, she scarcely knew.

"Well, Clary! here I am back again!" she exclaimed, as she came in; "like a piece of bad money returned."

"I am so glad to see you!" returned Mrs. Lake, in her warmth of courtesy, as she rose and brought forward a chair and rang the bell, and busied herself with other little signs of welcome.

Mrs. Chester threw off her widow's bonnet and black silk mantle. Her well-formed face was pale in general, but the hot August sun made it red now. She was a little, restless woman, inclined to be stout, with shrewd, gray eyes and brown hair, and a nose sharp at the end. The deep crape on her merino gown looked worn and shabby; her muslin collar and cuffs were tumbled. She told everybody she was twenty-eight; Mr. Lake knew her to be four-and-thirty.

"Such a mess it makes of one, travelling in this heat and dust!" she exclaimed rather fretfully, as she shook out her skirts and pulled her collar here and there before the chimney-glass. "I've nothing but my bonnet-cap here; you won't mind it."

It was a bit of plain muslin with a widow's gauffered border. Mrs. Chester untied the black strings of it as she turned round and fanned herself with her handkerchief.

"Did the fish bring you back, Penelope? asked Mr. Lake.

"Not it. When I got to the Jupps I found they were going to have a late dinner-party. They wanted me to stay for it. Fancy! in this dusty guise of costume. How delicious those fish look!"

"Try them," said Mr. Lake, passing some to her. "I have not caught finer trout this season. Clara has some cold fowl in the house, I think, if you have not dined."

"I dined before I came over—that is, had a scrambling sort of cold-meat meal, half dinner, half lunch. Robert, I should like you to catch fish for me always."

"How are you getting on with the house, Penelope?" he asked. "Are you straight yet?"

"Oh, we are getting on. Anna's worth her weight in gold at that sort of thing. She has been used to contrive and work all her life, you know."

"She might be used to worse things," said Mr. Lake.

"I have got a—visitor coming to stay with me," resumed Mrs. Chester, making a pause before the word visitor, and then going on with a cough, as if a fish-bone had stuck in her throat.

"Who is it?"

"Lady Ellis."

"Lady Ellis!" echoed Mr. Lake, unaware that his sister had any one of the name on her visiting list. "Who on earth is Lady Ellis?"

"Well, she is a friend of the Jupps'."

"Oh. And why is she going to visit you?"

"Because I choose to ask her," returned Mrs. Chester, in a reproving tone, meant for the public benefit, while she gave her brother a private kick under the table. "She is a widow lady, just come home from India in the depth of her sorrow; and she wants to find some quiet country seclusion to put her poor bereaved head into."

Mr. Lake concluded that the kick was intended as a warning against asking questions. He put a safe one.

"Is she staying with the Jupps?"

"Oh dear, no. She went to India a mere child, I fancy. She was very pretty, and was snapped up by some colonel, a K. C. B., and dreadfully old."

"Ellis by name, I presume?" carelessly remarked Mr. Lake, as he looked for another nice piece of fish for his sister's plate.

"Colonel Sir George Ellis," spoke Mrs. Chester, in a grandly reproving tone, as if the title were good for her mouth. "He is dead, and Lady Ellis has come home."

"With a lac of rupees?"

"With a *lack* of rupees," retorted Mrs. Chester, rubbing her sharp nose. "Sir George's property, every shilling of it, was settled on his first wife's children. Lady Ellis has money of her own—not very much."

"And why is she coming to you?"

"I have told you. She wants quiet and country air."

"Will she pay you?"

"Pay me! Good gracious, Robert, what mercenary ideas you have! Do you hear him, Clara? Oh, thank you; don't heap my plate like that, though I think I never did taste such fish. The Jupps have been praising her to the skies, one trying to out-talk the rest. Never were such talkers as the Jupp girls."

"Except yourself," put in Mr. Lake.

Mrs. Chester lifted her eyes in surprise.

"Myself! Why, I am remarkably silent. Nobody can say I talk."

He glanced at his wife as he suppressed a smile. The matter in regard to Lady Ellis puzzled him—at least, the proposed residence with Mrs. Chester; but he supposed he might not inquire further.

"Should you like to take home some trout, Penelope?"

"That I should. Have you any to give?"

"I'll have them put up for you, the fellow brace to these. Mind the youngsters don't get the bones in their throats."

"They must take their chance," was the philosophical reply. "Children were never sent for anything but our torment. I am going to pack the two young ones off to school."

"Have you further news from the Clergy Orphan School about James?"

"News! Yes. It is all cross together. There's not the least chance for him, they write me word, at the election in November; I must try again later. And now, Clara, I want you and your husband to come to me for Sunday and Monday. Will you promise? I came over purposely to ask you."

Mrs. Lake did not immediately answer.

"You can come on Sunday morning in time for church, and remain until Tuesday. I don't ask you to come on Saturday evening; we shall be busy until late. The Jupps are coming."

"All of them?" asked Mr. Lake.

"Not all. I don't know where I should put them. Some of the girls: Mary and Margaret for two; and Oliver. I have three spare bedrooms nearly ready."

"Three spare bedrooms? And you grumbling about the purse's shallowness!"

"Allow me to manage my own affairs," said Mrs. Chester, equably. "You will say 'Yes,' will you not, Clara? I want to show you my house; you have never seen it."

Clara Lake did say "Yes;" but at the same time there was a feeling in her heart prompting her to say "No." She neither listened to it nor gave way to it; and yet she was conscious that it was there, as she well remembered afterwards.

"And now I must be going," said Mrs. Chester, putting on her bonnet and mantle. "You will come with me to the station, Robert?"

They started together; he carrying the basket of fish; and walked slowly. As he remarked, they had plenty of time.

"I know it," she said. "I came on early to talk to you."

"About Lady Ellis and her projected visit?" he quickly rejoined. "I thought there was some scheme agate by the kick you gave me."

"Robert, I must scheme to live."

"I think you must if you are to keep three spare bedrooms for visitors."

"I am left a widow, Robert, with a fair amount of furniture, and a wretched pittance of two hundred pounds a year. How

am I to live like a lady and educate the children?"

"But why need you have taken so large a house?"

"What am I to do? How am I to eke out my means? I cannot lose caste. I can't go and open a shop; I can't turn Court milliner; I can't begin and speculate in the funds; I can't present myself to the Government or the Bank of England directors, and make a curtsey, and say, 'Please, gentlemen, double my income for me, and then perhaps I can manage to get along.' *Can I?*" added Mrs. Chester, fiercely.

"I never said you could."

"No; I have only got my own resources to look to, and my own headpiece to work upon. It has been ransacked pretty well of late, I can tell you. The first idea that suggested itself to me was to educate Fanny at home with Anna Chester's help, and to get half-a-dozen pupils as well, on the plan of a private family. But I hated the thought of it. I have no nerves and no patience; and I knew I should be worried out of my very existence. Besides, education gets more fantastical every day, and I am not up to the modern rubbish they call requirements; so I said, 'That won't do.' Next I thought of getting three or four gentlewomen to live with me, on the plan of a private family. Quite as visitors, you know; and the longer I dwelt on the scheme the better I liked it. I thought it would be a pleasant, social way of getting on; and I determined to carry it out. Now you know why I have taken a large house, and am putting it into good order."

"That is, you are going to take boarders?"

"If you chose to put it in that plain way. You are so very downright, Robert. Lady Ellis is the first coming."

"How did you hear of her?"

"Never you mind," returned Mrs. Chester, who did not choose to say she had advertised. "Friends are looking out for me in London and elsewhere. I have had some correspondence with Lady Ellis, and she comes to me the middle of next week. She wants quiet, she says—quiet and country air. A most exquisite little hand she writes, only you can't read it at sight."

"Have you references?"

"Of course. She referred me to some people in London, and also in Cheltenham, where she is now staying. In her last letter she mentioned that the Jupps of Katterley knew her, and that's the chief thing that brought me over to-day. Mind, Robert, I did not tell the Jupps she was coming to me as a boarder: only as a visitor. 'She writes me that you know her,' I carelessly said to the girls, and they immediately began to tell all they did know, as I knew they would."

"What did they say?"

"Well, the whole of it did not amount to much. At first they persisted they had never heard of her, till I said she was formerly a Miss Finch, having lost sight of her when she went to India. They are charmed to hear she has come back Lady Ellis, and think it will be delightful for me to have her with me."

"Unless you can get more boarders, Lady Ellis will prove a source of expense to you, Penelope, instead of a profit."

"You can't teach me," retorted Mrs. Chester. "I mean to get more."

"What is she to pay you?"

"Well, you know, Robert, I can't venture upon much style at first, wanting the means. I am unable to set up menservants, and a service of plate, and a pony carriage, and that sort of thing; so at present my terms must be in accordance with my accommodation. Now what should you think fair?"

"I? Oh, nonsense! Don't ask me."

"Lady Ellis is to pay me a hundred pounds, if she stays the year; if not, ten pounds per month. Now you see, if I get four at that rate, permanent inmates," went on Mrs. Chester, rapidly, "it will bring my income up to six hundred pounds, which will be comfortable, and enable one to live."

"I suppose it will."

"You suppose it will!" snapped Mrs. Chester, who was resenting his indifferent demeanor. "It is as much as you and Clara possess. You live well."

"We have none too much. We spend it—all."

"And more imprudent of you to spend it all! as I have often thought of telling you, Robert Hunter. I wonder you can reconcile yourself to live up to the last penny of your income, and do nothing to increase it. How will it be when children come?"

"Ah, that's a question," said he, giving the fish-basket a twirl.

"You may have a large family yet; you are both young. What sort of a figure would your six hundred a year cut when everything had to come out of it? A dozen children to keep at home, and find in clothes, and doctors, and sundries, and a dozen children to provide for at school, would make your money look foolish."

"Let's see," cried he, gravely; "twelve at home and twelve at school would make twenty-four. Could you not have added twelve more while you were about it, and said thirty-six?"

"Don't be stupid! You know I meant twelve in all. They may come, for all you can tell; and they'll require both home expenses and school expenses, as you will find. It is a sin and a shame, Robert, for a young, capable man like you, to live an idle life."

"I tell myself so every other morning, Penelope."

She glanced at him, uncertain whether he spoke in jest or earnest. His dark-blue eyes had a serious look in them, but there was a smile on his pleasant lips.

"If you don't think well to take up civil engineering again, try something else. There's nothing like providing for a rainy day; and a man who lives up to his income cannot be said to do it. You cannot be altogether without interest; perhaps you might get a post under Government."

"I'll apply for the lord-lieutenancy," said he. "The place is vacant."

"I know you always turn into ridicule any suggestion of mine," again retorted Mrs. Chester. "You might get into the board of works, and leave the lord-lieutenancy for your betters. There's the train, shrieking in the distance. Don't forget Sunday. I wish you and Clara to see how nice the house looks."

"All right, Penelope; we will not forget. But now I want to know why you could not have given your explanation before my wife."

"Her pride would have taken alarm."

"Indeed you cannot know Clara, if you think that."

"I know her as well as you," returned Mrs. Chester. "I shall acquaint neither her nor the Jupps of the terms on which Lady Ellis is coming."

He said no more. To keep the fact from the clear-sighted, sensible Jupps would be just an impossibility; and he meant to tell his wife as soon as he got home. They passed through the waiting-room to the platform. Mrs. Chester took her seat in one of the carriages; he handed in the basket of trout, and stood back. Just before the train started, she suddenly beckoned to him.

"Robert," she began, in a low voice, putting her head out at the window to speak, "I'm going to give you a caution. Don't you carry on any of that nonsensical flirting with Rose Jupp, should you ever happen to be together in the presence of Lady Ellis. You make yourself utterly ridiculous with that girl."

He looked very much amused.

"A couple of sinful scapegoats! I am astonished you ever have us at your house!"

"There you are, mocking me again. You may think as you please, Robert, but it is excessively absurd in a married man. I saw you kiss Rose Jupp the other day."

He broke into a laugh.

"Anything of that before Lady Ellis would be an awful mistake. It might frighten her away again."

"Oh, we will both put on our best behavior for the old Begum. Do not let doubts of us disturb your sleep, Penelope."

"She is not old, but I daresay she knows what propriety is," sharply concluded Mrs. Chester as the train puffed off. And Mr. Lake, quitting the station, went home laughing.

He found his wife in a reverie. The feeling, that she had done wrong to promise to go to Mrs. Chester's, was making itself unmistakably heard, and Clara tried to analyze it. Why should it be wrong? It was difficult to say. Sunday travelling? But she had gone several times before to spend Sunday with Mrs. Chester, gone and returned the same day; for Guild Rectory, where Mrs. Chester had lived, was short of bed-rooms. No, it was not the idea of Sunday travelling that disturbed her, and she could find no other reason. Finally she gave up the trouble of guessing, and her husband came in.

"Were you not too early for the train, Robert?"

"I should think so. Penelope confessed that she wiled me out to talk of her plans. I'll tell you about them directly. What do you think she wound up with, Clara, just as the train was starting?"

He had sat down in a large arm-chair, and was holding his wife before him by the waist.

"With an injunction not to flirt so much with Rose Jupp! Which is absurd in itself, she says, and might frighten away the grand Indian Begum."

Clara Lake laughed. She was accustomed to witness her husband's free rattling manners with others, but not a shadow of jealousy had yet arisen. She believed his *love* to be hers, just as truly and exclusively as hers was his; and nothing as yet had shaken the belief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Terrence Darrell came and sat beside me after a day of rest, and I told him all that had preceded my flight from Pasco. The rest he knew, for he was the one Sister Annunciata had said she could trust, and in whom she had confided for my deliverance. She had sent him a message by the fisher's lad, and he had come at midnight to the walk down by the beach, where she had met him and told him something of my miserable story. I say something, for all she did not tell him. He knew Neill was my father's enemy, and supposed some miserable grudge or remembrance of the injury he had done him made him hate me, or it might be he said that there was money in the case; he merely surmised the cause, but knew the effect from Sister Annunciata's lips.

I told him how the nun died, but I said nothing of the black suspicion that seemed almost certainty to me; yet I saw by the earnestness with which he questioned me about the cup from which she drank and the look and color of her face after she died, that he was not without a thought of the same nature.

When I was sailing peacefully over the sea towards my home once more, I began to feel how much I had grown to love the nun, who was Sister Annunciata only to me. I never could connect her with the story of Belle Donohue. I mourned for her so bitterly that it took away the hopeful pleasure I should have felt in looking towards the land to which I hourly came nearer. Terrence Darrell was the most thoughtful and compassionate of friends, and he lifted me above myself and all the gloomy past, and made the future seem happy and real. But this was when he spoke with me. There were hours when I was alone, when the dreary weight of the knowledge I had gained bowed me to the dust, and I longed to flee away and be at rest beyond the grave. The gloomy fate of the sister haunted me always. I accused myself of having been the innocent cause of that foul fiend's revenge on her; and although I had been so eager to fly from him, I now longed to meet him and torture him with the fruitlessness of the crime.

We landed, and before the gates of Fogarty all these dreary clouds melted away like mist before the sun. Here Terrence Darrell took my hand to say farewell. He would rather place me safely in Sir Brian's arms, he said, than leave me on his threshold; but there was that sort of a family feud betwixt them, that though he heartily honored my uncle in every action of his life, nothing could induce him to sue him for favor or entreat him to forget the past on the ground that he had rescued his niece from trouble.

My words, although I pleaded with all the earnestness that I could use, fell powerless to move this resolve; and when I was standing in the doorway, he entered the carriage that brought us and drove away.

I was still gazing after him, when the door swung back and disclosed Denny Finn, looking, as I discovered at a first glance, pale and ill, in comparison with the ruby glow of health in which I had left him. In the next instant all earthly appearance or expression faded from his countenance, leaving only blank amazement there, that no words could picture or language describe.

Even if he had not recognized me, there would have been room for some surprise, for I wore the widow Barado's festive dress and mantle, and had nothing native about me except the little plain hat Terrence had got me at Dungarvin to go ashore in.

"Denny," I said, for really his unmitigated stare frightened me—"Denny Finn, my old friend, do you not know me? Where is Sir Brian? Oh, Denny, tell him I am here, for my heart is bursting with the wish to see him."

"Orra, Miss Honora, dear Miss Honora, is it yerself? God's blessing be on ye; thin miracles will niver cease. Sure, we all thought ye in yer long home, and ye've been prayed for and wept for, and oh! that iver I should live to tell it, yer loss has jist kilt the ould master."

"Killed, Denny?" I asked faintly, and I fell back against the door-post.

"Oh, what's this at all, at all? Are ye going off again, and you, as a body may say, only jist riz from the dead? Lane on me, darlint miss; the master's very low, and a bare word might carry him off; he must not hear ov yes being here till it's broke till him aisy."

In the old library once again, lying in the great cushioned chair that was his favorite, I heard from Denny an account of what had happened since I was carried off to Spain.

"That devil's limb, the young man from the ladies in France, comed up to me and Tim, and says he, 'sure ye'll be late if ye don't fly down to the packet; fur,' sez he, the lying baste that he was, 'I jist tuck the young leddy down and made her comfortable in the cabin.' Well, wid that Tim and meself tuck to our heels an' off we wint like a flash, an' faith we had hot work of it, for the ship was jist ready to start off, an' we hadn't got fairly on board till they riz anchor an' set sail. Well, Tim an' me looked high an' low for you, an' thin we wint to the captain, and he looks intil his book, an' sez he, 'she's not here; the name was tuck off this afternoon, and half the passage paid back, bekase her brother said she was not well enough to travel jist now.' Orra, if you had seen the pair ov us. Sure, if it hadn't been for our holdin' each other back, we would both jumped into the say. Poor Sir Brian! It was the thought ov him that jist broke our hearts intirely, for niver a word would he know whither ye were right or wrong till we could git on shore in some furring place, and naither ov us knowin' how to rade or write, we couldn't be trusting the dirty blackguards where we were going to do a ha'purth for us. So whin we got to France we jist turned and come back like a pair ov broken-hearted sheep as we were. Well, ye see, I tuck advice wid one an' another about the house as to breakin' it to Sir Brian, an' Tim tould me till jist make it a long story an' come at the point aisy; but some way Madge got her head in amongst us, and whin she heard you were lost she tuk to roaring an' made off for the master's room before any one could lay hands on her."

The old man paused a moment and wiped his forehead and eyes. "Oh, worra worra, miss, but it was a black job. The noble ould master heard her tell that you were stolen awny an' niver spoke a word; but whin she lift him, thinkin' him cold-hearted, the noise ov a great fall brought her back, to find him lying on the floor, stone dead, we all thought, when we gathered in around him. No, no, miss," cried Denny, noticing the startled agony of my face, "he's living yet, thank God! but very wakely, and he laves his room no more. He kapes a constant sarch for you, an' has men from London riding here wid news of thim bein' able to hear nothing ov you, maybe once a week or more. That I may niver sin if I can think a sinsible thought; for, do you know, I'm aching to fly up to him, shouting, 'She's back, she's safe back again;' an' maybe it would finish him intirely, as Madge gave him the first blow."

"Oh, Denny," I cried, weeping from the depths of my full heart; "oh, Denny, I would give worlds to see him."

"Well now, Miss, I'll tell you what I'm thinking. The doctor will be here before the evenin' comes on, an' he's the chap for you to spake to about it. Sure, Miss, if you giv me lave I'd like to take the wits out ov Madge wid fear, an' faith it's the only thing that'll set me aisy in me mind in regard of the fool turn she did to Sir Brian."

Saying this Denny stole out of the room, leaving me to weep alone, and I soon lost myself in recalling all he had said about the devoted heart that had grieved so bitterly for my absence. In a few minutes I was recalled to myself by the entrance of Madge, and then I understood Denny's plan, which was to frighten her out of her life, and he succeeded to a miracle.

The poor woman came close to where I was sitting without the least sign of recognition in her face; my strange dress, and the fact of Denny's calling me a foreign woman misled her until she stood before me face to face. The cry she uttered I shall never forget. It gave me an idea of how nearly joy and terror could blend together.

I never knew how I came to gain so much love and kindness from the people of Fogarty. It was an evidence of their own noble and devoted nature that they should bestow it all so freely on an orphan girl with but little to win it for herself.

These two kindhearted souls wept and laughed over me by turns, and told me everything that had happened since I left the Reefs.

"Mr. Neill does be staying away in Dublin now wid a friend," said Madge. "He writes every little while to the doctor about Sir Brian, and says he's just wearing the skin off his bones lookin' high and low for any trace of ye, as he is sure nothing but you can make his brother what he was again. We've all thought a power more of him since we heard he was so full of feeling."

A step in the hall without was heard as Madge ceased speaking.

"It's the doctor himself," cried Denny. "I'll away out an' tell him you're here, for he tuk a wonderful notice to you from the first."

I had told both Denny and Madge that, owing to the good offices of the spurious brother of the French ladies, I had been carried to Spain, and that I had spent the intervening time at Pasco; but although they were full of wrath at such villainy, their wonder as to its cause or meaning exceeded their anger. I saw Neill had been acting with such caution as to elude all suspicion, for neither of them loved him, but yet they never hinted at his being the moving devil in the plot.

I thought of this while Denny went out to meet the doctor, and Madge, as if discovering my thoughts, said in a whisper:

"Sure, Miss, it's myself had a black feelin' to Mr. Neill for many's the day, bekase I thought him none too good to have a finger in yer trouble, but he was as much tuk back whin he heard it, as the best of us, an' he set by Sir Brian's bed whin he was so low that we thought the breath was lavin' him, an' behaved so tinder like we were all jist struck wid him."

Denny came back with the doctor, who spoke to me kindly, and assured me my uncle was neither so weak nor so ill as his anxious servants represented him to be.

"He will never be the Sir Brian you left at Fogarty a year ago. He has been dreadfully shaken by disease, so that your being here must be broken to him gradually. I will undertake to do it, and I am confident it will do more to restore him than all the medicines I could administer."

Saying this he went up to the bed-room where Sir Brian lay, and I followed him and stood near the door listening.

It was paralysis that my uncle suffered from, and it even affected his voice, that had grown weak and tremulous since I heard it last.

The doctor, as I could hear from the hall without, began to speak of the likelihood of my being taken on another packet by mistake, and the probability of that ship being bound for Pasco. Gradually he spoke of me as being heard from, and at last, he said he should not be surprised if Sir Brian should have to welcome me home to Fogarty before long.

Hearing this, and my uncle's heartfelt prayer that it might be so, I threw discretion to the winds, and rushed into the chamber and flung myself into his arms.

I lay there in a long, silent embrace, that made the bitter separation like a misty dream, and the future seem full of peace and joy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MASK REMOVED.

When I looked upon Sir Brian's face my heart sank at the ravages of so short a time. The doctor said truly I should never see the stately upright form I had left again. When he arose to walk across the chamber floor he was bent and shrunken, and trembled in every limb, and from his temper all the fire and bitterness had died out. He was gentle, solicitous, and almost humble in his tenderness. He would not let me leave his side for an instant, even when Denny came to say that the whole household, headed by Mrs. Maloney, were assembled in the lower hall and clamorous to see me. But when days had passed, and he realized that I was safe and well he became calmer, and as the doctor had foretold gained in strength rapidly. I noted with wonder that he never asked where I had been or by what means I was spirited away, and so one day I told him that I thought him without interest in my story since he had never questioned me concerning it.

He started violently, and became a livid white.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "for Heaven's sake do not tell me what it is horrible to guess at. I knew and felt from the first that that false hound had been at work, but I could not find a flaw to tax him with. He stayed here by my side and never left the castle till Denny came back, to keep me from suspecting him. Yes, Honora, I knew whose villainous mind it was conceived the plot; spare me the knowledge of its foul windings. I am not what I used to be. The endurance that propped the heavy cares that weighed upon my heart, is gone. I am quite weak and broken, and pray for peace."

"Still, uncle, there's one thing I think you should hear; may I not tell you what it is?" I asked.

He sighed as if he dreaded any word that could speak of the past, but still he bade me go on; and so I told him what I owed to Terrence Darrel.

The name at first brought no recollection with it; and I began to see his memory, like his life, was failing; but when I told him of his parentage, and how the Fogartys had turned their back upon his mother, the story came to his mind again, and he listened with grave attention to the rest I had to say.

"I must see this man, Honora," he said, slowly, when I had finished, "I could not bear such a burden of gratitude to one I had never seen—it would be an intolerable load."

I rejoiced in my inmost soul at Sir Brian's words; to my mind, Terrence Darrel was too noble, like my uncle, to continue a nominal enemy.

I had no address, no possible clue, however, to his home; and for a while I was in despair; for to bring those two together had become a darling wish whose realization would be delightful. While I was full of the idea—and to acknowledge the truth, I tried to keep heart and head busy, for there was something terribly dreary in the moments when thought would intrude and whisper about the silent vault and the secret it kept, and work was the only antidote I know,—while, as I say, I was still surmising and devising plans to carry Sir Brian's message to Terrence, I received a visit from a stranger.

It happened thus: Sir Brian was sitting at the open window where he could keep me in view, and I was wandering up and down the slope that fell seaward of the castle, when I became conscious of a crouching figure stealing along in the shadow of the wall, and making signs to me. After a second of astonishment, I recognized the brown features and black eyes of the little Spaniard who had so berated me while I was disguised as the Spanish widow.

As soon as I made the discovery, I ran towards him; but with great caution he raised himself and looked all around narrowly before he spoke. Then in Spanish he began—

"The captain is not here, but I have come myself because I think it for his good. The enemy, you know, he who passed us in the street of Santander, is come; he wore a different dress, but I knew him instantly. And as the captain saved you from him once, I think it right to come and speak a warning to you once more."

Having accomplished his mission, he was about to steal away as he had come, when I stayed him and begged him to carry a message of entreaty to his master. My voice and manner were so earnest, that he evidently felt it, for he said—

"I will find him now, and wait not till he comes—it may be days or weeks, he is a wanderer at will you know."

Thanking him for the promise, I saw him depart, stealthily looking around as if it were his nature to be secret.

The next day I crossed the hall to find Neill come smilingly to meet me, as if we were tender, loving friends. He was so terribly repellant to me that I started back at his approach, and drew aside, lest my dress might touch him and be contaminated.

He laughed gayly, as if it were a merry conceit, and opening a door near where we stood, motioned me to enter before him.

I obeyed him, and he closed the door and turned to face me.

"Well, what are you doing, pretty lady, and what have you done?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, coldly.

"I mean," he rejoined, in the same easy way as if he were jesting with me, "I mean what story have you told, and of what have you accused me?"

"I have told no story; shall I tell you why? The man who is cursed by calling you his brother, prayed me to spare him; he knew enough already, too much for peace or happiness—and for his sake I was silent. But I mean to speak now."

He clasped his hands lightly together and cried,

"Bravo, it will be a charm to hear you—but remember I grant the charm to your eloquence alone. The matter is dull, and I can forestall you with its effect. It runs thus:—A foolishly fond old Irish baronet sent his ward to France, under the escort of two worthy stupid loons, his servants, who, before the ship sailed, got drunk and forgot their charge, who meantime missing her way, found herself in a Spanish craft, which carried her to an old convent town, where she had lived for years. The abbess received her kindly, and being subject to strong nervous excitement, the young lady, after her fright, fell into a fever, from which she recovered with a weakened mind. Owing to the care and tenderness shown her, she was so content and quiet, that she vowed to pass her life so and become a Sister of the Order. But now mark the sequel. The brother of her guardian journeying thither, stops with the father of the convent, an ancient friend of his, and this poor creature seeing him become excited and a prey to wild distracting fancies, one of which being that he was her enemy, she flies away by night, and finds her way across the sea with her wild story, nothing lessened by the distance she has come. Is it not thus?"

"There is something more," I said quietly. "Let me add it. This gentleman had foully wronged the girl in the person of her parents, and therefore he hated her. He deliberately planned her abduction, and against her will thrust her into the convent far on the coast of Spain, because he dreaded her ever knowing all the evil he had wrought against her. It was a safe spot, and he looked upon her as completely buried as if the coffin lid were closed upon her. There was but one drawback. In this convent lived a nun who had known the whole story by heart years on years ago, and she did not love the man whose crimes it recorded."

Neill Fogarty stepped back and laid his hand on the door-handle, but did not turn it. His face and lips grew an ugly white, and though he strove to maintain the mocking composure he had assumed, it fell off him like a tattered garment, and he stood before me a shrinking coward.

"Yes," I continued, "you were wronging yourself by omitting the point of the whole story, which turns on the nun that he did not expect to see, and who had no reason to love him. It is odd and worth remembering. He told the girl he had worked so hard to keep in ignorance, the whole tale with his own lips, while she lay under the vines in the old garden so far away, where he had sent her to prevent her ever hearing it."

It was fearful to look at him as I said these words. His beauty was wiped out completely, and a malignant but baffled fiendishness appeared in its stead.

He moved backward from me, and tried to have me cease speaking.

I had but one thing more to say, and I followed him to whisper it in his ear. It was this:

"There is useless blood upon your hands. Sister Annunciata died in vain. While I live you are in my power, and you cannot harm me, for I do not fear you."

There was a moment when he moved his dry lips restlessly together, in the vain attempt to moisten them and speak. By-and-by his voice was audible.

"You are not going to publish this to the winds; you are merely threatening me. What do you demand I shall do?"

"Leave Fogarty and forever," I said decidedly, "and I will swear to you never to utter one word of what I know."

"I will, I will. Give me a little time, and I promise you I will."

There was a nervous anxiety about him to agree to my wishes that seemed absurd, compared with his former air of command; but he was at heart a coward, and servility was natural to his fear. I did not think he could injure me, and so I did not shrink from boarding him, and he yielded the moment he saw the power I held in my hands against him. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ AN INDUSTRIOUS SQUIRREL.—The Freeman says that a red squirrel was recently caught in the barn of D. C. Brown, Esq., of Berlin, Vt., which had in less than three months' time carried two bushels of corn up a flight of stairs, and safely stowed it away for future use.

☞ GLYCERINE.—Glycerine has many valuable uses, some of which are well known. Yet it may not be so generally known that this sweet substance is obtained by subjecting lard and tallow to the action of steam, heated in a tight vessel to a high temperature. The steam causes the fatty acids to separate from the glycerine. One of the best remedies for chapped hands is glycerine. When diluted with water, it is also a suitable dressing for the hair.

☞ There are few people who have not been occasionally puzzled whether to write *ei* or *ie* in the words that so represent the sound of long *e*. A very simple rule, says a schoolmaster, removes all difficulty. When the dipthong follows *c*, it is always *ei*—ceiling, conceive, etc.; when it follows any other letter it is always *ie*—*grief*, *friend*, *niece*, etc.

☞ A person asked Zeno, the philosopher, if wise men ever fell in love. His answer was: "If *wise* men do not fall in love, *beautiful* women must be very unfortunate." The centuries have given us nothing that could add to the wit or wisdom of the remark.

☞ A Minnesota farmer says: "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't also raise bugs enough to eat 'em all up."

☞ Advertising for a wife is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

☞ The London Times asserts that "every industrious workingman in England carries a pauper on his back."

☞ The Government has granted, or is ready to grant, more than one-fourth of all our landed property to private corporations in the shape of railroads.

☞ Gen. Grant weighs 151 pounds, and Admiral Farragut 155 pounds.

Plenty of Pure Air.

The following is an extract from a paper on the "Prevention of Disease," read by Dr. George Derby before the Boston Social Science Association:

"Fresh air is the great natural disinfectant, antiseptic, and purifier, and not to be compared for a moment with any of artificial contrivance. There is plenty of it in the world, yet disguise the fact as we may, there is no getting over the unwelcome truth that to provide it in abundance in our climate is expensive, since during seven months of the year it must be artificially warmed. To take in air at the average winter temperature of 28 degrees, raise it to 68, and discharge it again from our houses even once in an hour, is a process which cannot be accomplished without paying roundly, yet on no other condition can we reasonably expect health and long life. The best way is to freely admit that it is expensive, but worth the money it costs. If Benjamin Franklin thought that 'a penny saved is a penny earned,' he was also equally sure that 'health is wealth.' Instead of asking ourselves with how little fuel can I warm my house by stopping the flues and the beneficent window cracks which the carpenters have left, the question should be, how much can I afford to pay for fresh supplies of pure air, moderately and equally warmed and distributed without waste. I cannot help believing that the sum of family health and happiness in a generation would be more increased by liberal expenditures for this purpose than any other."

"GET THE BEST."

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"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." As one of the results of the printers' strike in New York, the female compositors in the printing establishment of Gray & Green—one of the largest in New York—now receive the same rates of compensation as men, and a training school has been opened in a room of the building where the trade is taught to young women by competent workmen. They are to receive three dollars per week for the first six weeks—that is, as long as they are under training—and after that they will be paid by the piece, so much per one thousand ems.

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☞ A man was struck by a locomotive at Knoxville the other day, tossed fifteen feet into the air, and neatly caught on top of the engine, with only a sprain of an ankle.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

☞ The British House of Lords is said to be now the only hereditary chamber in Europe.

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oct31-tf

THERE was present at the recent opening bal-masque of the opera, in Paris, an American gentleman, who is opposed to going to balls on Saturday night. He is conscientious about this, and was much perplexed as to how he should consistently attend the ball in question. He was present, however, and made the following explanation:

"I have reflected that owing to the difference in time between here and New York—about six hours—I can leave the ball about five in the morning and not infringe upon the Sabbath." That man ought to be a small contributor to the treasury conscience fund.

PALMER 1866
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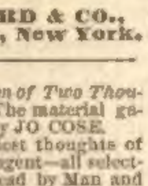

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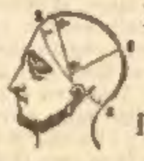

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BLUE AND WHITE.

"Of all the colors, sweet sir, what may
your favorite be?"
And the lad I had nursed back to life looked
up and made answer to me:
"Two colors I choose—blue and white."
Then up from my throat did there spread,
Yea, to my very temples, a dye of the happy
red;
For a maiden's face will flush at the lightest
thing evermore;
And blue was the ribbon that bound my hair,
white was the gown that I wore.

"May I tell you all, lady sweet?" "Ay, sir,
an' it please you so."
All alone with each other we sat in the fire-
light's glow:
He, the lad whom our men had found nigh
dead close by,
And the mother that bore him could never
have nursed him more gently than I.

"Sister—nay, pardon my freedom—but O,
you have been so good;
I well could wish that I owed you the duty
of brotherhood.
Crown your sweet favors with this, the
greatest of all, and be
As tender to her I love as you have been
tender to me."

Then over every sense there swept down a
terrible dim
Dusk of oblivion, as there I sat and listened
to him.
Silence a moment, and then, by the helping
of God His grace,
I answered: "Yea, brother, I will," with a
very smile on my face.

"Now, God bless you, sister. Listen. A
year ago
She gave herself to me forever and ever,
and so,
One sweet autumn eve, in the time of the
falling of dew,
I gemmed her little white hand with a circlet
of sapphires blue.

"She, my own lady, taketh ever the most
delight
In the calm virginal colors—the delicate
blue and white;
And, sister, mine eyes were soothed with a
sense of lovesome repose
When I saw you this evening wear the hues
that my darling chose."

Oh! but the bonnie blue ribbon pressed on
my head all too tight;
Oh! but the heart beat wild beneath its vir-
ginal white;
Oh! but the hours were long as I knelt in
the dark alone,
Moaning: "My Father, teach me to say but
'Thy will be done.'"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Life in Nebraska.

A citizen of Nebraska thus posts an Eastern correspondent who speered a variety of questions as to the territory and life there:—

"What kind of a country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the day time."

"Have you a plenty of water—and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about and generally got in pails and whiskey."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go half a mile and then wade in mud knee deep to get it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, Ionic, anti-baloric, log and slabs. The buildings are chiefly out of doors, and so low between the joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"Nary one."

"What do your people do for a living mostly?"

"Some work, some laze round, one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whiskey."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass, and the water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Buzz and buck saws in the day time, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights."

"Any pianos there?"

"No, but we have several cow-bells, and a tin-pan in every family."

"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do for a living?"

"Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal—or if pinched, buy and sell town property."

Making an Apology.

The apology was cool, but it certainly should have been satisfactory.

Bill R—— is known all over, and Bill was at the ball in all his glory. All his necessaries for pleasure were on hand—good music, pretty girls, and excellent whiskey. The evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had, at about one o'clock, became pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her—she replied that she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

"Can I dance with you next, then?"

"I am engaged for that also."

"Can I dance with you to-night?"

"No," with some hesitancy.

"Go to Boston!" said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill was accosted by a brother of the young lady, who charged him with insulting his sister.

Bill denies; but professes himself willing to apologize if he has done wrong, and accordingly steps up to the young lady, when the following conversation ensued:

"Miss L——, I understand I have insulted you?"

"You have, sir!"

"What did I say, Miss L——?"

"You told me to go to Boston."

"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you needn't go."

☞ The latest name for matrimony is "committing twoicide."

VIVID DESCRIPTION.

AUNT.—"Now, Jimmy, tell me all about your day?"

JIMMY (who has been out visiting).—"Well, aunty, we had dinner as soon as we got there, then cake and wine, and tea before we came away."

Josh Billings on the Mule.

The mule is half horse and half jack-ass, and then kums to a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more, akording to their heft, than any other kreeture, except a crowbar. Tha kant hear enny quicker, nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for mow shoes. You ken trust them with enny one whose life ain't worth enny more than the mule's. The only way tu keep them into a pasture, is to turn them into a medder jineing, and let them jump out. Tha are ready for use, just as soon as thay will do to abuse. Tha haint got enny friends, and will live on huckle-berry brush, with an occasional chanse at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invensun, I don't think the Bible eludes tu them at all. Tha sel for more money than enny other domestik animile. You kant tell their age by looking into their mouths, enny more than you kould a Mexican canon's. Tha never have no disease that a good club wont heal. If tha ever die they must kum rite tu life agin, for I never herd nobody sa "ded mule." Tha are like sum men, "verry corrupt at harte." I've known them tu be good mules for 6 months, just tu git a chanse to kick somebody. I never owned one nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The only reason why they are pashant is because they are ashamed ov themselves. I have seen eddikated mules in a sirkus. Tha would kick, and bite tremenjis. Enny man who is willing to drive a mule, ought to be exempt by law from running for the legislatur. Tha are the strangest kreeturs on earth, and heaviest according tu their size. I herd tell of one who fell oph from the tow path, on the Erl kanawal, and sunk as soon as he touched water, but he kept rite on towing the boat tu the next station, breathing thru his ears, which stuck out of the water about 2 feet 6 inches; I didn't see this did, but an auctioneer told of it, and I never knew an auctioneer tu tell an untruth unless it was absolutely convenient.

An Egg Story.

A lady once told the following to a friend of ours, saying—

"I do assure you it's a fact. You know how fond my brother is of eggs? Well, he was driving me once in a phaeton to some country place, and we stopped at a little public-house on the way to lunch. Ben said he believed he would lunch on hard-boiled eggs, if they had enough; and he sat by the window eating them, and throwing the shells out of the window. At last I got tired of waiting, and said—

"'My dear Ben, are you going to sit there all day calling for more eggs? Do let's go.'

"And when we got into our conveyance, as he turned it around, he drove one wheel over the pile of egg-shells, and it was so high, my dear, that we were actually upset!"

Not Bad.

Little Jimmy, who is now a little more than four years old, having achieved a pair of rubber boots, astonished his paternal the next day by asking if he wouldn't procure him a pair of skates and deduct the pay out of his allowance when he should have one! He was, during the late thawy weather, at his grandmother's, and contrary to her injunction ran out in the slush and got his feet wet.

"Grandma," said he, as he sat by the stove drying his feet, "what do you do to your little boys when they don't mind you, and go out in the water and get their feet wet?"

"Why," replied she, with a severe countenance, "I whip 'em."

"Well," continued he, in a very discriminating tone, "I'm not your little boy."

Repairing Almonds.

A visitor to Malaga, Spain, describes the process by which the chipped, cracked, or otherwise damaged almond kernels are prepared for market in the extensive fruit establishments of that city. The defective kernels are scrupulously sorted out and conveyed to a large, low table, round which half-a-dozen women are seated on the ground. Before each woman is a pile of the damaged almonds, a little jar of liquid gum, and a tiny mound of brown dust, gathered from the inside of the almond shell; by her side a basket, and in her right hand a camel's-hair brush. Her business is to pick up almonds from her pile (which is constantly being fed by an attendant,) paint over the damaged place with gum, and dip it in the mound of brown dust. She then brushes off the superfluous grains of powder, and drops the apparently perfect almond into her basket.

☞ A typographical mistake of a C for an H made a paper say, "A locomotive went over a cow and cut it into calves."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Timid and shy as a frightened hare,
Who knoweth her heart or her secret
thought?
Is it love, or a fancy lingering there?
Dearest of jewels are the slowest bought!
"Coy as a maiden"—the adage is old—
Far better be coy than a maiden too bold!

Finally won! Is the wife like the maid?
Read here the answer plain as a book:
Trusting, in thine, a soft hand is laid;
Boldly, in thine, the loving eyes look!
Ah! it is well; and we need not be told,
"The love of a wife is more precious than
gold."

Vigorous Women.

Physically, our American women of to-day present a striking contrast to those of ten years ago. Wasp-like waists have disappeared. Delicate limbs, languid countenances and frail constitutions generally have ceased to be at a premium, and in their place we have strong limbs, ruddy cheeks, and robust constitutions. The English woman is yearly becoming more the model. Without becoming strong-minded, in the common acceptation of the term, our wives, daughters and sisters are becoming stronger physically. We do not allude, of course, to those whose lives are devoted to a round of fashionable gayety and dissipation. This encouraging change is to a considerable extent due to out-door pastimes inaugurated among the women. Horseback riding, tenpins, croquet, billiards, skating and walking, have ceased to be confined to the sterner sex. Women eagerly embrace these amusements, and seemingly derive all the enjoyment which they are capable of yielding.

The English girl, who thinks nothing of doing a five miles walk before breakfast, now finds a competitor in her American cousin. Many of the most devoted and skillful disciples of the curling art belong to the other sex. Women wield their croquet mallets, pocket billiard balls, and make ten strikes with all the enthusiasm of the male sex. A fondness and taste for these pastimes should be fostered and developed, instead of being repressed and checked, through fear of their making women unwomanly. "Marriage," says Michelet, "is the chief end of woman." If such be the case, she can attain it in no quicker way than by presenting a robust physique, overflowing with animal life and spirits, in contrast to a weak, puny constitution, bending before any adverse wind.

Man-Eaters.

There are man-eaters among the South African hyenas, and these omnivorous animals are greatly dreaded on account of the exceeding stealthiness and craft with which they achieve their object. They very seldom attempt to destroy the adult men and women, but limit their attacks to the young and defenceless children. On dark nights, the hyena is greatly to be feared, for he can be guided to his prey by the light of the nocturnal fires, which do not daunt an animal that is possessed by this fearful spirit of destructiveness, and at the same time can make his cautious approach unseen. As the family are lying at night buried in sleep, the hyena prowls round the enclosure, and finding a weak spot, the animal pushes the wattle-bands of which the fence is made, and quietly creeps through the breach. Between the human inhabitants and the fence the cattle are picketed by night, and would form an easy prey to the hyena, if he chose to attack them. But he slips cautiously amid the sleeping beasts, and makes his way to the spot where lies a young child wrapped in deep slumber. Employing the same silent caution, the hyena slightly withdraws the sleeping child from the protecting cloak of its mother, and makes its escape with its prey before it can be intercepted. With such marvellous caution does this animal act, that it has often been known to remove an infant from the house without giving the alarm.

A REMARKABLE BIBLE CLASS.—Probably the largest Bible class in the world is that conducted in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's church in London, by Mrs. Bartlett, of which an interesting account is given in a recent number of the Sunday School Teacher. It is stated that on the first Sabbath of its organization, about eight years ago, three persons were present; and at the end of the first month there were fourteen regular attendants. The interest awakened increased until, after several changes of location, made necessary for want of space, the average attendance became seven hundred, at which it now stands. More that seven hundred persons have been received to the church from this remarkable class.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Feeding Roots of Trees.

It is not without some pride that the editor of the Gardener's Monthly finds so many of his observations and opinions, which, on their first promulgation regarded as wild theories, finally come to be received as scientific truths. He owes his success in these matters to being in no haste to publish his views. In many cases he has spent several years in endeavoring to be *sure of his facts*, before uttering a word. These facts he prefers to gather with his own senses from the great book of nature, rather than to reading about them in the best libraries ever formed. There is no other way in which one can properly advocate a point, if he would not be at the mercy of every critic that chooses to object to him. The only inconvenience is, that pressing our views with the positiveness of one who knows he is right, and believes in the value of what he teaches, we lay ourselves open to charges of vanity, perversity, or notoriety seeking. The following from Colman's Rural World is an "illustration:"

The Gardener's Monthly seems to wish to make itself notorious, by advocating the growing of fruit in grass, or having the roots very near the surface, and not to cultivate as we would a field of corn. We consider such advice and teachings a damage to fruit growing. It leads many, whom we think otherwise would cultivate and grow fruit, to meet with failure of time, and *faith* in fruit growing in many sections of our country. This new system of non-cultivation and pruning may answer very well for some limited localities, but for us, of the West, will not answer. To be successful—when our trees come into bearing—they need long roots, that go down into the damp clay, to keep life and vigor in them through our long summers of intense heat and dryness. A tree to acquire vigor, health and long life, should be *thoroughly* cultivated. How often do we see old and infirm orchards brought to renewed life—recuperated from almost barrenness, to thrifty, productive orchards, by ploughing up the grass, manuring and *cultivating* the same.

Now we thank all who point out any errors we may start, as cordially as we value the commendations of admirers. Of course it is pleasant to have these objections made in a friendly spirit; but yet better have an error flayed out of the public body, even though a sugar pill would do as well, than have a festering sore remain.

Now as to the extract we have given above, there is nothing much that we can say here without great repetition; of course our readers know that we don't care for the *grass* in an orchard. If this writer chooses to put enough compost on his fruit orchard annually to prevent a blade of grass from growing, we should say he did very well, much better than by letting the grass grow. The grass we have spoken about, is but a *means to an end*. If that end can be better accomplished by other means, so be it.

"It is strange that this cry about the damage our views about fruit growing *would do* if adopted generally, should come from the West along with another cry that fruit growing *is now a failure*. President Brown, of the Illinois Horticultural Society, says in a recent speech, that Fruit-growers' Societies, originally instituted to tell us "what varieties to plant," now have a graver duty, to tell us "how to grow fruit trees." He speaks of failures everywhere. So in the East, the advocates of deep rooting are everywhere admitting their failure; but we shall not enter into this matter here, our present object being to show where those who think as the writer of the extract above thinks, are *radically* wrong.

Nearly twenty-five years ago we found that the *root fibres* of trees were only *annual*—like the leaves, they died every year. In 1853 we published it as a fact; we have fought it through until we believe it is now accepted as *scientific truth*. They have the same relation to the main roots as the leaves have to the branches, except that while the leaves are the preparers of the food—the cooks—the fibres are the providers—the husbandmen for the cooks. Just as the branches are of use only as supporters of the leaves, which, like the ancient rib of Adam, are formed by morphological laws out of tree bodies; so the main roots are only of benefit in so far as they afford the material out of which fibres are formed, to hold the tree in position, and possibly, in a very small degree, to draw in moisture.

Remembering this, now take up very carefully a young tree, and we find that the fibres are nearly *all on the surface*, and that they decrease in number and importance with every inch of depth. In the largest trees scarcely a fibre will be found one foot from the top, large roots—tap roots—you may and will find, but no root that is of the slightest benefit to the *nutrition of the tree*. How then a tree can be benefited by the destruction of this large army of agricultural laborers, toiling at the surface to maintain the growing nation thriving in its many industrial occupations above them, we do not understand.

When we look back and see that it has already taken twenty years to have these simple truths generally recognized as correct, we hardly expect to live to see the credit awarded to us of being the founder of an entirely new system of fruit culture; but we do feel that after we are dead and gone, the new generation will wonder why the old one was so stupid as to cling to a system which they continually acknowledged as a failure; which took its rise from, and had no better authority than the fables of Æsop; and which they were shown was clearly opposed to principles, the truth of which they could not dispute.—*The Gardener's Monthly.*

RECEIPTS.

SALMON CUTLETS.—Cut your slices of fish about an inch thick, rub them over with salad oil, and season with pepper and salt; place them on a gridiron, over a clear fire, to broil, and carefully turn them over every five minutes, moistening them occasionally with a little butter, or oil, according to taste; they will be done through in about half an hour, as you may ascertain by gently pressing the bone, and if quite dressed it easily separates from the fish. Or else, butter sheets of white writing-paper, and lay each cutlet on a separate piece, with the ends twisted; they are, perhaps, more delicate cooked in this way, but in either mode they are excellent. Serve with melted butter, or anchovy sauce, if desired.

GOOD WHITEWASH.—To one bushel of lime take seven pounds of whiting and three pounds of white sugar, with four pounds of salt. Boil well together, and after standing a few hours it assumes a beautiful appearance and is ready for use. Put on with a brush, and hot.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 1, 16, 11, 18, 26, is one of the United States.
My 2, 33, 32, 24, 13, is a body of islands lying off the coast of Asia.
My 3, 6, 5, 19, 14, 31, is an island of the Malay Archipelago.
My 4, 14, 27, 8, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 17, 11, 18, 26, is one of the principal rivers of Europe.
My 6, 17, 20, 33, is one of the United States.
My 7, 9, 24, 8, 16, is one of the imperial cities of Japan.
My 8, 16, 5, 12, 14, 10, is a county in Texas.
My 9, 16, 15, 28, 10, is an island of the Grecian Archipelago.
My 10, 18, 23, 7, 5, 27, 31, is a county in New Mexico.
My 11, 21, 22, 17, 16, 25, is a county in Michigan.
My 12, 16, 20, 29, is a town in Palestine.
My 13, 20, 30, 28, 3, 16, 5, is a cluster of islands in the bay of Bengal.
My whole is the name and address of a constant reader of the Post.

M. J. B. BROOKS.

Sinnemahoning.

Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 11, 18, 6, is a town in London.
My 5, 6, 2, is a town in Thibet.
My 3, 8, 4, is a river in Switzerland.
My 14, 7, 5, 8, is an island west of Scotland.
My 11, 12, 6, 13, is a river in Germany.
My 14, 1, 10, is a town in Brazil.
My 11, 15, 10, 3, is a bay in the Carribbean Sea.
My 16, 3, 9, is an abbreviation.
My whole is the name of an American author.

K. M. S. WILLIAM LEE.

Problem.

If, one year ago, a bushel of wheat was $1 cheaper, and a bushel of rye 75 cts. cheaper than now, and the price of the wheat was double that of the rye, what is the price of each now, the price of wheat being to the rye as 20 to 11? WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

Ibrahim Bashaw is possessed of a grand tract of woodland in the shape of an oblong square, and containing 1517½ acres of land, the east line of which is 959 perches long. In the opposite corresponding west line of this tract stands a most noble poplar tree, the pride of the township. Now, the distance from the south-eastern corner of the tract to this tree is in proportion to the distance from the north-eastern corner to the same tree as 5 inches is to 7 4-5 inches. From these datas being given, it is expected that among the mathematicians in the United States many will be found who can tell the distance that said poplar tree is both from the south-eastern and from the north-eastern corner of said herewith described oblong tract of woodland.

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is a man like in the midst of a desert, without meat or drink? Ans.—Like to be starved.

☞ What is a man like that is in the midst of a river, and can't swim? Ans.—Like to be drowned.

☞ Why is a man who is deceived by a girl like another girl in leading strings? Ans.—He is *mis-led* (misled.)

☞ Why is a city being destroyed like another being built? Ans.—It is being *razed* (raised.)

☞ What would a man in a state of nudity, fishing from the top of a monument, be likely to catch? Ans.—A cold.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Subscribe for THE POST.

FISH, ANCHOVY SAUCE.—Put two pounds black-flesh fish on the fire, just covered with cold water, slices of onion and carrot, parsley, thyme, and a bay leaf, salt and pepper. After it begins to boil keep it on two minutes.

Put half a tablespoon of butter and flour in a pan; when melted, stir in a gill of the fish water; then a tablespoon of essence of anchovy.

GERMAN SOUP.—Boil a knuckle of veal, or any veal bones, and some good stock, then add one or two turnips (according to size,) one carrot, and some onions, a little lemon, thyme, a very small stick of celery, and three or four cloves. Let all boil well, strain it off for use, thicken it, and add the yolks of six eggs to three quarts of soup, and one gill of thick cream; pepper and salt to taste. A little vermicelli, a little lean ham, and one blade of mace, will improve the stock. A most delicious soup.

BREAST OF VEAL (COLLARED.)—Bone a breast of veal, and beat it; rub it over with yolk of egg, and strew over a little beaten mace, nutmeg, pepper, salt, a large handful of parsley chopped small, a few sprigs of sweet marjoram, a little lemon peel shred fine, and an anchovy pounded and mixed with a few bread crumbs. Roll it up tightly, bind it with tape, and wrap it in a cloth; let it boil two hours and a half in salt and water, then take it out, hang up one end to drain, and put it into the following pickle: a pint of salt and water and a half pint of vinegar.

HOT CRAB.—Pick the crab, cut the solid part into small pieces, and mix the inside with a little rich gravy, or cream, and seasoning; then add some curry-paste and fine bread-crumbs. Put all into the shell of the crab, and finish in a Dutch oven, or with a salamander.

SALADE D'ORANGE—DELICIOUS FOR DESSERT.—Peel and slice six large oranges, and arrange them in a dessert centre dish, with powdered loaf-sugar sprinkled over every layer. Add *quantum suffcit of* Madeira, and sprinkle white sugar over all the moment before it is served.

MOLASSES PUDDING.—One pound of flour, one pound of molasses, one pound of suet, and four eggs, very well mixed, and to be boiled from four to five hours. Add a little nutmeg, and, if necessary, half-pound of sugar.